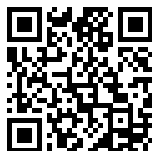

This is a reproduction of a library book that was digitized by Google as part of an ongoing effort to preserve the information in books and make it universally accessible.

GoogleTM books

<http://books.google.com>



NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



3 3433 11160 6665

ALMA·MATER
OR·THE·GEORGETOWN
CENTENNIAL
&·OTHER·DRAMAS



THE
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

PRESENTED BY

the Sisters of the Visitation

AUG 26 1913

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
REFERENCE DEPARTMENT

**This book is under no circumstances to be
taken from the Building**

MAY 12 1915

FORM 410

Finn
NBM

ALMA MATER
or **THE GEORGETOWN**
CENTENNIAL
AND OTHER DRAMAS

1. Drama (Amended)

Sister Mary Paulina Fium
(M. S. Pine)

ALMA MATER
or THE GEORGETOWN
CENTENNIAL

AND OTHER DRAMAS

By M. S. PINE, pseud.

[Lay Sister Mary Paulina C. S. J.]

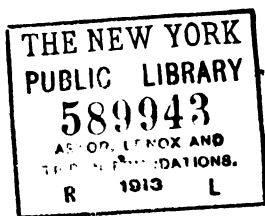


NEW YORK
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

Published for
Georgetown Visitation Convent
Washington, D. C.

1913

CFR
M.E.T.



Copyright, 1913
Munder-Thomsen Company
All rights reserved

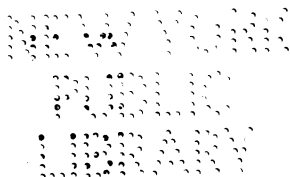
MADE IN
NEW YORK
BY

Printed by
Munder-Thomsen Press
Baltimore New York

'''

Dedicated
With Affectionate Memories to the
Alumnae
of the
Convent of the Visitation
Georgetown, D. C.

'''



THEY WERE
CLEAN
FRESH

Foreword

THESE unpretentious little Dramas were written for "occasions," almost, I might say, on the spur of the moment. **ALMA MATER** grew out of the solemn commemoration of the Centenary of the Georgetown Convent of the Visitation, a function held in May, 1899. **HERMINE** came into being to celebrate the Second Centenary of Blessed Margaret Mary, the seraphic nun of the Visitation to whom Jesus Christ revealed His Sacred Heart. **HEARTS OF GOLD—TRUE AND TRIED** was composed at the request of certain young Convent Seniors who wished to honor George Washington's Birthday with a histrionic performance. **THE CHURCH'S TRIUMPH** was prepared for an Ecclesiastical Reception, His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons and His Excellency, the Apostolic Delegate, being present. **THE ANGELS' FEAST** commemorated the Golden Jubilee of a saintly Visitation Nun, and was performed within the precincts of the Cloister. **THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM** tells its own story as a preparation for the beautiful Feast of the Epiphany. **THE ANGELS' MEETING** made a portion of the programme of the first Maryland Day, proclaimed by His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons. **A GEORGETOWN REUNION AND WHAT CAME OF IT** formed a part of an entertainment given to His Excellency, the present Apostolic Delegate.

As St. Francis de Sales in giving to the world his sublime "Treatise on the Love of God" did not disdain to say, after having charitably remonstrated with his critics: "Therefore, my dear reader, I conjure you to be gracious and good to me in reading this Treatise," so I too may ask for indulgence, considering the morsels of leisure which have been pressed into literary service amid many academic duties, in order to give an evening's entertainment to young and gentle hearts.

Go, little book, and speak thy word
Of comfort, love—of truth and hope;
Blesséd if thou by one be heard
And help one climber o'er life's slope.

May, 1913

M. S. PINE
(S. M. P.)



Contents

'''

ALMA MATER OF THE GEORGETOWN CENTENNIAL: a Drama in Three Acts	11
HERMINE: a Drama in Three Acts	61
HEARTS OF GOLD, TRUE AND TRIED: a Colonial Drama in Five Acts	123
THE CHURCH'S TRIUMPH	173
THE ANGELS' FEAST	197
THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM	211
THE ANGELS' MEETING OF TERRA MARIAE	221
A GEORGETOWN REUNION AND WHAT CAME OF IT	229

**ALMA MATER
or THE GEORGETOWN
CENTENNIAL**

‘ ‘ ‘

A DRAMA IN THREE ACTS.

Allegorical Characters.

Alma Mater.	Ignorance.
Church.	Folly.
Faith.	Vanity.
Hope.	Prejudice.
Charity.	Envy.
Chastity.	Calumny.
Prayer.	Persecution.
Humility.	Fear.
Learning.	Temptation.
Song.	Discouragement.
Angel of Justice.	

Liberty.	Other States.
Unity.	Visitation Houses.
District of Columbia.	Eight little children.
Maryland.	Four Generations:
Virginia.	Great-grandmother
Massachusetts.	Grandmother,
New York.	Mother,
Pennsylvania.	Child.
California.	Senior Pupil.



ALMA MATER or THE GEORGETOWN CENTENNIAL

111

ACT I: 1799.

Liberty is discovered alone. Enter Thirteen Original States with District of Columbia. Enter Unity leading Kentucky, Vermont and Tennessee (admitted into the Union before the foundation of the Convent in 1799). Enter Right, Alma Mater with train of Virtues; Liberty and States welcome her with song. Enter little children. Enter Church, who blesses the mission of Alma Mater.

ACT II.

Council of Vices. Ignorance discovered alone. Enter Folly, Vanity and others: they conspire against Alma Mater, who approaches from right, accompanied by Fear, Temptation and Discouragement. She refuses to give up her project of founding the Visitation, and the Vices unite in persecuting her. Enter Angel of Justice, who disperses them. Enter Church and Virtues. Magnificat.

ACT III: 1899.

Alma Mater is discovered on throne. Enter Liberty and Columbia, who greet her on the occasion of her Centenary. The Houses of the Visitation, accompanied by their respective States, appear bearing offerings to Alma Mater. Four generations present congratulations in the name of the Alumnae and Pupils. Enter Church, who crowns Alma Mater. Coronation Chorus.

1 1 1

ACT I.

SCENE.—*A beautiful grove. Liberty is discovered.*

Liberty. I am the daughter of God, Liberty!

Freedom is birthright of mankind, all holy
When childlike His high counsels it obeys,
More free, more beautiful, more glad, because
His gladness, beauty infinite it shares.
This land, His garden, He hath given to me.
At His feet I have waited, gazing down
While ages rolled, and earth's foundations heaved
Majestic mountains, and the snow-fed springs
Rushed down and formed my noble river streams.
I've watched the generations come and go
And lay them down 'neath their stupendous
mounds:

I've watched the human sacrifices hung
Around the pillars of false temples; here
The tomahawk hath ruled; and then Oppression
Followed the feet of homeless wanderers
Seeking a refuge from the knife and fire.
God's eye looked down, and oft His angels came
To nerve these free-born men to valor. Aye,
And women in the dead of night heard voices
Bidding them urge their sons and husbands on
Through heart-blood, through their own souls'
woe, to win

The gift next to God's own dear love and faith—
Gift of His own right hand to noble men
And valiant women, Liberty! They heard:
And lo! the "Women of the Revolution"
Stand on the broadest pedestal of fame,

Honored of God and men as Judith was,
 Or that great mother of the Machabees,
 Albeit she for God's law bade them die—
 They for God's children and their unborn heirs,
 Crushed, broken 'neath the iron heel of Wrong,
 To generations in the far-off time
 Gave blood and pain and anguish:—such high cost
 Must buy all precious things for fallen man.

*Enter from right and left, keeping time to Minuet, the
 Thirteen Original States—Maryland, Virginia,
 Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Rhode Island,
 Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania,
 Delaware, North Carolina, South Carolina,
 Georgia—the right led by the District of Colum-
 bia. All congee to Liberty, seated on a rustic
 throne in center.*

Liberty. Daughters of peace, so varied in your beauty,
E pluribus unum, this shall be your motto;
 For one and many ye shall truly be—
 A glorious sisterhood in love compact
 While cycling Time's triumphal car shall drive
 O'er prostrate thrones and bleeding nations' dust.

Maryland. O Liberty, our mother, be our guide!
 Fair Unity hath twined our hearts in one
 And still attends us as an angel; lo!
 Where now she hastes adown the mountain side
 With three new Sisters in her pure embrace.

*Enter Unity, right, with Kentucky, Vermont and Ten-
 nessee: all congee to Liberty.*

Liberty. Welcome, fair Daughters, to our brave Thir-
 teen!

Forever joined let nothing sever ye
From Unity, the angel of your land ;
Witnessed and ratified by her, each act
Shall call a blessing from the bending Heavens,
And never cloud shall dark the clear horizon
O'er which I gaze today. 'Tis near the birth
Of a new century: the bell hath tolled
For ninety-nine; and while with prophet-eyes
I see a Sorrow winging fast his flight,
And a white Death behind him, who shall smite
Your glorious chief and lay in mourning low
His new-born nation, [*All shudder and express
emotion by look and gesture.*] yet I feel a
thrill

As of a heavenly portent near.

Maryland.

Methinks

The robe of prophecy is on me. Lo!
Far off I see a maiden dreamlike veiled
Approaching in a shower of roses, led
By June, the fairest of the summer nymphs:
And o'er her seems to hover that same train
Of visitants celestial, chanting low,
I saw in years gone by above the prow
Of my dear Ark and Dove, that came to bring
Unnumbered blessings to my waiting shores.

Liberty. Lord Baltimore! He knew me in the light

Of God and prayer, and brought the dawn ere yet
My sun arose within the circling heavens.

Maryland. He brought the Cross, the Church of ages,
to me:

And now a fair Cathedral sends its shaft,

The sacred symbol, toward the summer skies;
And thou, Columbia, hast received its mission.

Columbia. Yea, 'mong my hills with flowers and foliage crowned,

And watered by Potomac's sun-touched stream,
Your Carroll hath his hall of learning reared,
Where Truth and Virtue point our sons the way
To honor bright, and true nobility.

Virginia. And George's Town another yet shall boast.

The prophet's mantle on *my* shoulder falls:—
This crowned Spouse, the daughter of the King,
Shall here abide. O after her shall run
Young maidens to the odor of her ointments;
And to my Mountains Blue and Alleghanies
They shall in the clear future bear the grace
And beauty of the Hand divine that formed her.

Pennsylvania. And shall not we thy glory share, my
Sister?

Virginia. I may not tell: the vision is for me.

Maryland. Her virgin flock shall feed among my pastures,

Near running waters of my Chesapeake:—
Amid my mountains, scenes of fairy beauty
I hold for these dear followers of the Lamb.

Liberty. But thou, Columbia, thou shalt see her first.

Embrace her, guard her, shelter her from harm,
For she shall be a beacon light to thee.
Our children's children in the century's wane
Shall still be taught of her, when this broad land
Shall lie beneath my golden sceptre.

[*Harp music heard in the distance.*]

Columbia. [Right.]

List!

There is a sound of far-off music.

All stand in attitudes of expectancy. Alma Mater, robed in white, with golden scarf and veiled, a lily in her hand, appears, followed by a train of maidens,—Faith, Hope, Charity, Prayer, Chastity, Humility, Learning and Song.

Lo!

The herald of our joy, the expected one!

Liberty. [Bowing and extending sceptre.] All hail, O Virgin Spouse of Him who bore

The Cross! Thrice welcome to our wooded shores!

Columbia. [Embracing her.] Upon my soil thy hallowed foot doth rest,

Each step a benediction to my people,

Whose greetings shall be echoed o'er the land.

States in semi-circle to left; Liberty, Alma Mater, Columbia in center; Virtues to right.

Alma Mater. I come from o'er the sea, where white-winged Faith

My steps hath guided long, oft whispering dreams
Of regions beautiful, where Liberty

Should share her golden sceptre with me. Here

This vision of all beauty I descry:

Hands stretched in welcome; but [Looking
around half mournfully.] one voice I long for

Whose word shall seal my mission evermore.

A form clad in Bishop's robes steps out from background. Maryland advances reverently and waves the banner of the Church, while Columbia raises

the Stars and Stripes so that the two flags meet above his head. Alma Mater clasps her hands in joy and kneels at his feet.

Church. Welcome, my daughter, from thy land afar!

The triumph of God's kingdom was unrolled
To me in visions of the night, and there
Wonders I may not utter were revealed.
God's seraphim sped on their wings of light
From the great lakes where Jogues and Marquette
died

To Mexic Gulf, and then from sea to sea,
Their anthems filling all the universe.
"This is the kingdom of our God on earth,"
They sang; "let incense rise from every vale
And plain and hill—the Lamb's great sacrifice."
And then I saw a train of Virgins led
By one whose holy features thou dost bear,
Who scattered seeds that sprang to flower and
fruit,

The while a white-plumed angel by a fount
Poured life-refreshing waters all around,
And ever and anon, in voice more sweet
Than harpers, harping on their harps celestial,
He chanted clear: "*Pax super Israel!*"¹

Alma Mater. And I, unworthy one, have been fore-
shown

To thee, O light and guardian of my life?

Church. Yea, for thou hast a glorious mission here:

Behold how Liberty hath clasped thy hand;
And her fair Daughters wait with Unity,
Wrapped in their Stars and Stripes—alas! dear-

bought—

To do thee homage; wait with smile and song
Upon their lips.

Liberty. [Solo.] Lovely maiden, hail, all hail!

Purity pearls thy brow,
Gleams in the lily within thy hand,
In thy vesture and veil of snow.
Beautiful, beautiful is thy train,
Bringing back Heaven to earth again;
Here shall thy home thro' the ages be—
Liberty's Daughters sing welcome to thee,
[*Chorus.*] Sing welcome to thee,
Sing welcome to thee,

Liberty's Daughters sing welcome to thee!

Liberty. [Solo.] Floating o'er thy White and Gold,

Symbol of joy to be,
Hold we the sheltering Stars and Stripes,
Our beautiful Flag of the Free.
Fashion our daughters to lofty things,
Beauty must wither and gold hath wings;
Higher the model in Heaven is thine,
Mary, the Queen of the New World's shrine.
[*Chorus.*] The New World's shrine,
The New World's shrine,
Mary, the Queen of the New World's shrine.

[*The first verse is repeated as a chorus, during which
six little children, led by an elder one, enter left,
keeping time to music; they remain near the
States.*]

Alma Mater. I thank ye for this trancing melody
Of welcome, breathing soul in every note:

Words fail before it, but the heart grows rich
 In love and high resolve to meet your wishes.
 The virgin soil I tread shall spring with flowers
 Of God's sweet grace, and ye shall bless the day
 Ye oped your arms unto His wanderer.
 There is a glory far above all else
 On earth, above the luminous worlds on high,—
 The human soul, the image of God's glory;

[*The children listen fascinated, and one by
 one move to right, mingling with the
 Virtues.*]

The azure sky's broad tent was spread for it—
 These sylvan pillared halls for its brief tread,
 Nature at hand to lavish all her treasures
 Of beauty and of use for its sweet tendance.
 But in the service of its great Creator
 It finds true joy, its widest liberty,—
 Nor earth, nor Heaven hath gladness without
 Him.

Charity. [*Advances bearing Heart in right hand, her
 left around a little child.*] Love is the soul of
 service—its reward

The joy unchanging which is perfect peace.
 The budding love of these sweet innocents
 [*Looks toward Alma Mater.*]

She shall entwine around the Sacred Heart
 Of Him who bade the little children come
 And cluster at His feet; or on His knees,
 With wise eyes listening to His easy lessons;
 Or oft, their dimpled arms about His neck,

He smiled the while they smothered Him with
kisses.

And this new love shall ope new faculties,
Shall rule the little world of human loves,
Shall be a rod to Passion and to Folly.

Maryland. We welcome thee and thy fair followers
As earth doth welcome Spring, with all her train
Of soft-hued flowers and warbling birds and
Zephyrs.

[*One of the children, slowly emerging from
background, gazes upon the lily in Alma
Mater's hand, and, approaching her, smells
it.*]

See! from our sides our little ones have gone,
And there entangled 'mid your soft caresses
Have found new spirit-mothers, and are bound
To ye already with a hoop of gold.

Massachusetts. I fear me—for that lily beautiful
Is passing sweet of fragrance; lo! my child
Is captured by its golden-hearted perfume.

Chastity. [*Crowned with lilies and bearing one.*] Nay,
fear ye not, my Sister; 'tis a gift

A queen might envy and an empress share.
I am the lily-bearer from Heaven's garden;
None but the chosen few receive it, they
Who follow evermore the Lamb with songs
And win the name He knows, above all price.

Columbia. [*Approaching Alma Mater.*] I feel its
heavenly odor: many daughters

Shall fly from me to nestle 'neath your wing.

Virginia. And many of my noblest hearts shall bear

That lily's sweetness to the world.

Pennsylvania. And I—

My maidens pure shall hear the silver chime
Of lily-bells struck by no mortal fingers,
And haste to crown them with the snowy music.

New York. Yea, from the Pine to Palm our groves
shall yield

A crop of virgin lilies; we the richer
For their full life and unblenched majesty—
O'er Solomon in all his glory clad.

First Child. [*Looking upon the Virtues.*] And these
shall be our teachers? O what joy!

[*Clapping hands.*]

I never, never shall be naughty.

Second Child. [*Bearing books.*] No,
Nor I; I shall not pout, nor throw my books
Upon the floor in anger; you shall see
I'll be as quiet as a little lamb.

Third Child. [*Bearing large alphabet card.*] Not one
of you [*Looking around.*] will be as good
as me—

I haven't learned a thing but A—B—[*Hesitates.*]
C;

Now, with such sweet-faced teachers, I can learn
Those dreadful letters in a week, I'm sure.

Fourth Child. [*To Learning.*] And wilt thou teach
us, gentle lady? How

I long to learn! I would learn everything
That books contain; I'm greedy of all knowledge.

Learning. [*Caressing her.*] Thou art an apt and cher-
ished pupil. I

Shall lead thee through the paths of human knowl-
edge,

All beautiful ; yet study has some thorns.

I'll teach thee of the wondrous lights above,

Each faithful to its orbit ; and below,

The unsounded deeps that evermore obey

With punctual ebb and flow their Lady Moon.

Strange countries, manners, languages shalt learn ;

And oft to yon oak-tented solitude

We shall repair for sweet repose and play,

And Nature's self shall be our queen and mistress.

First Child. How lovely that will be ! I long for it.

Fifth Child. [*To Humility.*] What lovely violets
crown your head ! And see

Your robe ! Why, you are clad in these sweet
flowers !

Where 'mid our mountains did ye gather them ?

Humility. [*Caressing, her.*] Not in the mountains, but
in shaded vales

They grow, and hold a virtue in their fragrance.

There is a spirit abroad whose very breath

Hath power to sully thy bright innocence.

Gay Vanity shall haunt thy every step,

And Folly flaunts her colors everywhere ;

Temptation hovers like a bird of prey,

And holiest souls are sometimes caught within

Her talons ; Learning, too, so beautiful,

Who has a train of glorious followers,

May multiply thy dangers ; she herself

Is safe, but when with us she bides. Wilt thou

Then walk with me as Alma Mater's child ?

[*Song plays soft music on her lyre.*]

Fifth Child. O yes, with joy ; and let us go to the vales
And wreath a crown of violets for my head.

[*Exit with Humility: returns later crowned.*]

Sixth Child. [*Approaching Song.*] What soft, delicious music! Wilt thou sing
For us, and teach our hands to play?

Song. Yea, child,
Thy willing guide I'll be in harmonies
Of instrument and voice. The harp and lyre
Shall yield their sweetest strains unto thy touch.
The organ shall pour forth majestic chords
That strike their echoes up the angelic choirs.
Full oft I'll sing to thee, and thou shalt learn
The sweetest melodies of earth and Heaven.

Sixth Child. O let us hear the music of thy voice
In holy chant! 'Twill echo through our lives!

[*Song plays and sings a sacred piece while
the children listen enchanted; at its close
Alma Mater leads Faith and Hope forward.*]

Alma Mater. Behold, dear children, Faith and Hope,
twin-born ;

Twine hands with them and love them.

[*The children stand in graceful poses, looking upon them with admiration.*]

Fifth Child. Beautiful
Ye are and winning. Say, have ye the power
To give to us such loveliness as yours?
Can ye such treasures ope as Learning promised?

Faith. Yea, more and greater. To the courts of
Heaven

I lead you, 'mid the gleaming radiance
Of thousand thousand spirits, morn and eve;
And then I cast a light by day and night
That shows a princely spirit ever near,
Whose love is more than tenderest mother-love,
Who lightens with one hand the Cross, and in
The other bears your Crown.

Hope. For such as thou,
Fair child, I hold my anchor [*Extending it.*] gar-
landed

With flowers; but thou shalt lean on it in peace
Amid the tempests; in the weeping heavens
My rainbow thou shalt see, and learn to trust
Unwavering, God's gentle Providence.

Fifth Child. A language new thou speakest to my
heart:

I have known naught but ignorance and folly;
But now a universe of loveliness
Dazzles my eyes. I choose ye for my guides.

[*Clasps the left hand of Faith and the right
hand of Hope.*]

Alma Mater. And ye have chosen well, for they hold
all

God's secrets. Lovely shall your footsteps be
O'er meadows green, beside still waters, till
They lead you o'er the starry threshold. Oh,
My children all, now mine by gift of greatness,
Your choice as happy be! Light-hearted mirth,
The dimpling cheeks of innocence, and feet

Bounding as doth the deer among your mountains,
 Shall well become you—and thro' distant days,
 As banded down the vale of time ye go,
 Ye still shall be my glory and my crown.

Liberty. This is a day that Fame shall trumpet far—
 A day of golden record in time's annals.
 O glorious portent to our new-born Nation!

Unity. [*Looking toward Prayer.*] But who is this fair
 vision veiled, with front

Serene and lofty brow that seems to seek
 Communion with the skies?

Church. 'Tis holy Prayer,
 The loved associate of this virgin pure.
 For not alone she comes to guard your flock;
 A sweet Sulamitess, the mystic rites
 Of contemplation give her higher power—
 Power o'er the Heart of God for you and yours.

Prayer. To me she comes when the sweet breath of
 morn

Unlocks the sleeping flowers and wakens all
 The singing birds; and we together go

[*Takes the hand of Alma Mater.*]

To the hill of frankincense and offer praise.
 When Day's bright eye looks from the zenith,
 I shoot Love's golden beams into her heart;
 And when gray-hooded Twilight o'er the dew
 Trips noiselessly, we seek the snowy rills
 Of grace, that wash all stains of earth away.

Unity. These rills shall permeate the land. One heart
 In all, I see, ye gracious Presences!
 One aim, one impulse shall work miracles;

And lo! your mission crowned of God and men.

Church. [*Advancing.*] And what, my daughter, dost
thou pledge these friends

Unparalleled?

Alma Mater. I pledge ye tireless service;
Here is my ark of rest—so gentle Heaven
Hath willed. These breathing lilies of your vales,
These tender plants, I'll save from baneful winds,
From noisome vapors of the chill night air,
And nurse them into strength and loveliness
That shall befit them for the heavenly clime,
When earth has drunk their fragrance to her fill.

[*Soft harp music to end of tableau. Alma
Mater kneels with hands uplifted.*]

So here before high Heaven, begirt with spirits
Angelic, saints and martyrs looking down,
I make my vow to this all-glorious mission.
[*Clasps hands.*] O Mary Mother, register this
vow

In Jesus' Heart unto eternity!

Church. [*With hands extended in benediction over
Alma Mater.*] The Triune Father, Son and
Holy Ghost

Descend upon thee and remain forever!
Be faithful and thou shalt be Alma Mater
To many a white-souled generation here.

Tableau—Curtain.

ACT II.—*Same Scene.*

Council of Vices.—*A table under the trees
spread with fruits, wines, etc.; seated near*

are Envy, Prejudice, Calumny, and Persecution. Folly and Vanity peep from background. Ignorance, hooded and cloaked, walks the foreground in a state of excitement.

Ignorance. Fine doings these! the broad domain I've held

For centuries, again invaded, now
Not by the nobler sex to lay foundations
Of broad far-reaching universities;

[*Folly and Vanity enter slowly.*]

'Tis but a puny woman, yet not less
The peril to myself and you, my friends;
Already, shameless, haughty, she assumes
The name of Alma Mater—cherishing Mother—
Mother of minds, that she must needs develop
And fill with bits of learning, smatterings
Of science, and odd things old fogies thought
And fools have acted. You, quick-witted Folly,
Can you not circumvent her schemes?

Folly. [*Laughing.*] I've tried
My best, but can't get past the door as yet;
She teaches principles whose very breath
Would blow my cap and bells away. I fear
You'll have to seek a stronger hand than mine
To unlock that gate. [*Drinks a glass of wine.*]

Ignorance. Well, Vanity, what luck?

Vanity. [*Eating an apple and fanning herself.*] O none
at all! They dress in black and white,
Poor homespun things, and this same beauteous
toilet

Adorns their youthful simpletons; for them
No powder, puffs, nor ruffs, no silken tissues;
Nor flaunting colors draw their glance, for when
I peeped above the fence they ran away.

Envy. [*Laughing maliciously.*] Indeed, I cannot wonder; it did credit

To their superior taste.

Vanity. O blear-eyed Envy,
You are all acid, head and heart; your mouth
An everflowing fount of vinegar:
Who heeds you?

Calumny. Nay, 'tis not the time to quarrel:
We must concert some means to drive her hence,
Ere full-grown mischiefs follow in her wake.
You, Persecution, with your heavy hand,
Must crush her, break her, mind and body; yea,
I marvel ye could to these triflers trust
So arduous a charge, which rather calls
For our combinéd efforts. I have done
My part to take her down, and strewn reports
As false as hell or hatred, that infect
The public ear with poison.

Prejudice. [*Angrily.*] None of you
Have toiled as I since first she came among us.
You, Calumny, can little boast, for I
First led the way and you sneaked after. Ha!
No nation and no family but knows
What Prejudice can do to turn the tide
In the affairs of men. 'Tis not alone
The ear I gain, for I remould the heart
Infallibly to my opinion.

- Calumny.* True,
 And when the judgment's turned awry, the ear
 Sucks falsehood as the bee sucks honey.
- Ignorance.* [*Striking with gavel on table.*] Friends,
 We're wasting time, while she grows strong in
 power
 And menaces our every separate realm.
 I move that Persecution take the floor.
- Envy.* And I the motion second.
- Prejudice.* And I, too;
 I know we're all agreed.
- Others.* Agreed—agreed.
- Persecution.* I rise, my honorable peers, with pleasure.
 Than my profession, none, I dare affirm,
 More noble—ancient as the human race;
 From petty arts and stings of friend to friend
 That 'tis delight to foster, I pass on
 To thrusts of Hatred and Oppression's sword
 Envenomed, in the hearts of loyal subjects.
 I know no touch of mercy: I exult
 In torture, wringing hearts and racking bodies.
 I'm perfect in all modes of crushing souls—
- Envy.* [*Interrupting.*] You think you are, but some-
 times you are foiled:
 They rise from their own native energy;
 And they or higher powers hurl you prostrate
 Biting the dust; I've seen you so.
- Persecution.* [*With scorn.*] You, Envy,
 Are skilled as I; but you [*Slow prone gesture.*]
 stab in the dark.

And now, dear friends, to show I've kept my compact,

Already this fair Virgin is beset

By troubles like a swarm of wasps: Temptation,

Then Fear, I pushed in by a postern gate;

Discouragement, I think, climbed o'er the fence,—

But there she is: and those three play the cards

So well, there's little left for us to do.

Her chanting choirs and praying girls will soon

Disbanded be, and she an exile.

Prejudice. Hail

That happy day! But let us not grow languid.

Use every engine that may haste the time

That wreaks her ruin, for my very soul

In torture is till she hath left the land.

Folly. [*Shaking her bells.*] And so the Council's over.

—May we go?

Vanity. We have important duties waiting us—

But—if you need—our presence—

Prejudice. [*With sarcasm.*] O your help

We can dispense with—and not suffer loss!

[*Vanity and Folly meet from opposite sides,
and joining hands dance off, looking backward with smiles. Calumny and Envy follow hand in hand.*]

Ignorance. [*To Persecution, with satirical laugh.*]

Lo! she comes, attended—

This would-be Queen—by your three satellites.

Prejudice. 'Twere better we should hide. These friendly trees

Will shelter us the while we list their converse.

*[Prejudice, Persecution and Ignorance hide.
Alma Mater approaches from right, led by
Fear and accompanied by Temptation and
Discouragement; she leans on the latter.]*

Fear. [Tremblingly.] You see, dear lady, all your prospects fail.

I tremble for your future and am full
Of sad forebodings for your happiness:
I know not what you've done, but friends fall off.
You have slack shelter from the winter's cold,
You who were reared in luxury: hard couch
Is yours; and Famine soon must haunt your side,
For bread, even now, is doled in scanty measure.

*Temptation. [In dulcet tones, approaching Alma
Mater.]* You've done your part with honor:
hope and love

Have winged your steps, but now they've fled
away

Ne'er to return. Believe, this life is all
Mistake and blunder: 'twas your choice, not
God's:

You are not fitted for this life austere;
Hide not your beauty 'neath a sombre veil;
Come back to our bright world, its ornament
And joy—

Alma Mater. [Waving her away.] Flee from me, thou
low-thoughted spirit!

How darest thou tempt me thus, God's chosen?
He

My Love forever is. Though He should cast
Me forth an exile in the wilderness—

Without a star upon the unpathed waters,
I'll trust Him unto death; for He hath laid
A charge upon me, and in this fair land
I plant the garden of the Visitation.

Fear. Pardon, fair lady, but thou art fool-hardy:
If thou wilt be religious, yet not here;
Riches, fine buildings, wait thee elsewhere,
And friends and pupils who will do thee credit.
Prudence is virtue.

Discouragement. Change your plan and leave
These futile hopes. The Visitation ne'er
Shall flourish in this barren clime. No use
To fight 'gainst Fate. Go, join Saint Ursula's
daughters,
And Want and Trial wing their flight, and thou'rt
Embraced by Peace and Plenty.

Temptation. [*Aside to Discouragement.*] Well
thou play'st
Thy rôle: thou art my ablest champion;
To change her plan is good as giving up
Her high-glossed mission. Keep thou near her
side.

Alma Mater. [*Seated, leaning on Fear.*] Alas, who
shall my fainting spirit uplift
In this dark moment? Where are those sweet
Powers
That led my footsteps hither?

Discouragement. See—they've fled!
But we in pity of thy gentle youth
And misery, flew to thy aid.

[*Vanity and Folly enter left.*]

Alma Mater. [*Starts, lifts up Cross.*] Begone!
 I know ye all: the light this image casts
 Reveals ye. Hence! Tho' clouds are round me
 pent,

They soon shall break and I shall see the sun.

Folly. [*Bowing tauntingly.*] I think ye are my sister,
 as light-headed
 And giddy in your hopes as I. You see
 You're in our power.

[*Vanity and Folly dance around her.*]

*Enter Envy, Calumny, Prejudice, and Persecution;
 Ignorance peering from background.*

Alma Mater. [*Rising.*] Thou false and lying spirit!
 Misfortune never bent a faithful soul
 To power like yours.

Envy. [*Pushing her back into seat.*] A faithful soul
 indeed! [*Laughing sardonically.*]

Faithful to whom or what? If to your God,
 Why left you Him to dally with Temptation
 And rest in arms of weak Discouragement?
 Faithful! Ha—ha—ha!

[*Persecution approaches; stands behind Alma
 Mater, armed with scourge and rope and
 binder.*]

Alma Mater. [*With uplifted eyes.*] He's merciful,
 albeit He leaves me now
 Prey to your malice. I will rise and go
 To find my white-robed friends, who have my side
 Forsaken for a little space. I see
 My way; they linger near. [*Alma Mater rises;*

*Persecution draws her back and Prejudice
blindfolds her.]*

*Virtues appear in extreme left, enacting a beautiful
pantomime. Faith, holding up Cross, Hope with
anchor, and Charity between them with flaming
Heart, enter first, looking with intense interest
upon the scene. Prayer steps apart in foreground
with eyes raised and hands clasped in supplication.
Fortitude watches the Vices, alert and anxious,
and moves to right of Hope, who speaks to her.
Chastity and Humility approach arm in arm—
Humility bows her head, weeping on Chastity's
shoulder. Learning and Song appear last, gazing
on the foreground with deep concern. The panto-
mime continues through the scene—movements
slow and graceful, countenances expressive of the
deepest devotion and interest,—joy mingling with
sympathy as Alma Mater's heroism rises to the
climax.*

Hope. [Aside to Fortitude.] Go to her aid,
My sister; lo! they blind and torture her;
She needs thee!

*Fortitude. [Extending right hand toward Alma Ma-
ter.]* Nay, in suffering she grows strong
And weds with holiness. And see how Prayer
Doth violence to Heaven in her behalf!

Prejudice. [Mockingly to Alma Mater.] So wonder-
ful thou art, thou hast perchance
The gift of second sight. *[Strikes her.]* Pray tell
us now
Who struck thee?

Alma Mater. O my Jesus, [*Kissing Cross.*] blessed be
Thou,

That in thy Passion yieldest me a part!

Calumny. Just hear her cant! 'Tis pure hypocrisy.

Your virtues are but shams to cheat the crowd;

You cozen them with smiles and flatteries

To give you adoration, and pretend

'Tis zeal, God's glory, and such stuff. But 'tis

A cloak of gauze through which we see your pride.

*Virtues draw nearer, but remain witnesses of the
struggle.*

Ignorance. [*Caressing her.*] Lady, I grieve to see you
so ill-treated;

Say but one word and you are free. Tell us

You'll leave our shores, or else at least you'll hide

Your Heaven-dowered strength in some dark corner,

Your light and learning in obscurity,—

For I do fear it—and I'll be your friend.

Alma Mater. [*Making an effort to rise.*] How can I
hide God's candle 'neath a bushel?

How let this energy supernal pine

And wither in the cave of selfish ease?

[*Rises and steps forward with dignity.*]

Ye well may fear me, Ignorance; I'm here

To chase you hence, [*Extending her hand.*] to
cover you with shame.

Persecution. [*Seizing her hand roughly.*] My hour is
come; [*Looking at her palm.*] I've nails that
I can drive,

But [*Contemptuously.*] bonds suffice to hold a
puny foe.

[*Binds her hands, aided by Ignorance.*]

Down on your knees, and swear that you'll give up
Our daughters and go hence—for death is near,
But first is torture thine.

[*Distant thunder: darkness and storm.*]

Envy. Away—away!

Thou canst not stay; the very elements
Conspire against thee. [*Storm increases—a pause.*]

Prejudice. See! the sun is darkened—

Earth threatens to engulf thee: flee in time!

[*Light breaks in—thunder ceases.*]

Alma Mater. Never shall I betray my trust. Ye
Heavens!

Give ear unto my vow: faithful to death
To God's high will, tho' armies should encamp
Around my paths, my heart shall know no fear.
I vow, tho' Famine, Persecution, yea,
And Slander, dog my steps, I shall not swerve:
The House of God shall builded be on base
Firm as eternity, for 'tis God's word
The vision pledged:—"Pax super Israel!"

Envy. Choke up her throat with gall! Here, drink,
[*Presents cup.*] and feel

What 'tis to thwart us.

Alma Mater. [*Drinks smiling.*] Thank ye, sweet it is,
The draught of Jesus dying on the Cross:
Yea, Lord, pain is the tonic of the soul,
Tho' nerve and muscle quiver; now Thy Will
Is clear:—the VISITATION we shall be—

Our Master, *Francis*, the sweet *Saint of Sales*.

The Virtues draw nearer.

Persecution. [*Scourging her.*] Take that—and that—
betimes repent your folly!

[*Prejudice tears off her veil and throws it on
the ground.*]

Alma Mater. O holy Spouse! now can I say with Thee,
They struck me and they wounded me; they took
Away my veil from me. Alas! I faint.

[*Sinks down.*]

Discouragement. [*Coming to her aid.*] Fear not, dear
lady, thou art in my arms.

Alma Mater. [*Struggling to rise.*] Nay, never! death
were better.

*Liberty and Columbia appear, left, in background: An-
gel of Justice to the right.*

Persecution. Then here's death
To end thy folly and bravado! [*Raises a sword,
which is suddenly seized and broken in halves
by Justice.*]

Angel of Justice. Nay,
Not death, but Life this maid heroic wins!
Heaven opened, and while seraph hosts looked on,
I sped swifter than meteor down the blue
To speak just Heaven's sentence. Back,
Back to your native dens, ye clay-born spirits,
Compact of cruelty and vice!

[*Persecution and Prejudice flee in shame.*]

Liberty. [*To Angel of Justice.*] I knew not
Till now the dark conspiracy hatched up

Against this noble Virgin. [*Unbinds Alma Mater's eyes and bends lovingly over her.*]

See, fair lady,

This Angel at thy side—white-handed Justice!

He comes from Heaven to right thy cruel wrongs.

Columbia. [*Unbinding Alma Mater's hands.*] Ye cowards! here within my free demesnes,

How dare ye plant your burs and thistles rude

Upon the path of her, my meek-eyed guest,

Welcomed so late with song and Friendship's hand?

Liberty. Fly hence! you've work enough in the world to do

To sate your evil appetites. This land

I rule, and not a rod of its green space

Shall Persecution ever build a tent on.

No, nor her dense companion, Ignorance,

Nor any of your gloomy rout.

Ignorance. [*Angrily.*] And this

Is Liberty! Your name's a mockery.

Envy. [*To Liberty.*] Thou comest to give freedom unto all;

How darest thou, then, exert restraint on us?

Liberty. For that ye all are lawless and malicious.

True liberty is order, law and virtue.

I come to make life better, happier,—like

To Heaven, and ye would make it like to hell.

Vices begin to fall slowly and reluctantly toward background, casting furtive glances of malice upon their reprovers.

Angel of Justice. Fear not, O Virgin! rise in added grace,

Endued with higher strength and beauty:
 A house with seven pillars thou art building,
 And Wisdom hath her gates securely barred:
 Ye cannot enter, Folly, with your cap
 And bells; [*Folly turns away ashamed.*] nor,
 Vanity, shall you with taint
 Of worldliness infect her children's hearts;
[*Vanity retires.*]

Secure they dwell beneath a hallowed roof.
 Pale Envy, all thy poisonous darts are vain,
 They but recoil on thine own breast; [*Envy de-*
parts.] behold!

[*Harp music—Angels appear in background.*]
 Yon trio's taunts and blows have compassed her
 With Paradise; this beauteous grove is trod
 By guarding Angels: list their harmonies!

Alma Mater. [*Looking at the Angel with ecstatic face.*] Am I—in Heaven—or do I dream?
 O God,

My—sweet—Preserver, [*Leans on Charity:*
Prayer stands near.] Help me—bear—this
 joy!

Magnificat in full chorus, with piano, harps and violins. Enter Church with acolytes bearing censer and candles. Chastity and Faith follow—the former bearing a black veil, the latter a silver cross. Alma Mater kneels while Church invests her with the cross received from Faith, the veil from Chas-

tity, a lighted candle from Hope, and a crucifix from Fortitude. The ceremony over, Alma Mater rises, forming the center of a beautiful tableau.

Tableau—Curtain.

ACT III.

1899. Alma Mater is discovered on throne, with her attendant train around her, Charity on her right and Prayer on her left. Enter Liberty and Columbia, who greet her on the occasion of her Centenary.

Liberty. [Addressing the audience of Alumnae.]

Behold! a Hundred Years of fruitful life
Sit on our Alma Mater's queenly brow:
Perennial youth looks forth from her sweet eyes,
Beaming with love's exalted motherhood.
Her smile is radiant, yet grave, as well
Becometh one who hath clasped hands full oft
With pale-faced Grief, and walked within Death's
shadow.

Columbia. But now the olive branch of victory
She holds, and looking back thro' fading years
With eyes undimmed and memory alert,
She calls her loved ones from far-sundered homes,
From the wide limits of our continent—
And other lands, too, are her tributaries—
For she would gather to her heart her daughters
In this her hour of joy.

Alma Mater. [Addressing Alumnae.] *Yea, O my children!*

Broad as the blue wave-crested ocean, free
 As this May-scented air, and true as heart
 To pulsing arteries, my WELCOME is.
 How love and prayer untiring have pursued
 Your busy steps thro' tangled ways of life
 Since first ye left my side! How I have smiled
 When Joy caressed your glowing cheeks, and wept
 When Tribulation threshed your hearts like grain!
 Your white-winged messages have been as dear
 As water to the thirsty traveler. [*Enter, right,*
Maryland with three Nuns — Baltimore,
Frederick, and Mount de Sales.]
 Your sweet remembrances and brief sojourns
 As pleasant as the sunshine after rain.

Chastity. [*Taking the hand of a Nun.*] Behold this
 generation chaste, the first-fruits
 Of thy espousals with the Lord! They come
 Thy Virgin Daughters to their Mother's glory
 To add their share. [*All congee.*] Behold Mary's
 loved child,
 Fair Baltimore!

Baltimore. [*Bearing crimson roses.*] O Mother
 of our Home!
 We bear to thee the love of many hearts
 Twined 'mid these crimson roses, dripping dew;
 And prayers and happy wishes blend; O may
 Our Alma Mater's joy be multiplied
 A hundred-fold this glorious day!

Maryland. [*A Nun on either side.*] With love
 And honor I these daughters two present,

The guardians of our mountain haunts, de Sales
And Frederick.

Mount de Sales. [Offering flowers.] I bring
to thee sweet violets:

The perfume of our blessed Saint of Sales,
Which first thou gavest, they bear back to thee,
O happy daughter of a gracious Father!

Frederick. [Offering basket.] And I fair clusters of
my hillside grapes

Have intertwined with golden wheat: they tell
Of that sweet mystery where love and strength
Were nurtured thro' these Hundred Years of life.

Alabama enters, left, leading Nun, Mobile.

Mobile. [With basket of oranges.] Where thy heroic
offspring oped the way

'Mong Alabama's streams and orange groves
Thy virtues and thy trials still are heard:
The fruits of these we offer, O our Mother!

Columbia enters, right, with Nun.

Columbia. I lead to thee thy dear child, Washington.

Washington. [Pointing to statue of Angel Guardian.]

An angel thou hast been to us: what could
Our thought devise more fit to tell our thanks?
Behold them sculptured there in speaking stone!

Enter, right, two Nuns with Kentucky.

Cardome and Maysville. [In unison.] Kentucky
guards our home; with her we come

To kiss thy hand, thou source of light and joy!
Beameth thy light upon its candlestick
Still shedding comfort o'er the world and us.

[Pointing to candelabra.]

Behold thyself in miniature in these
Soft-blazing lights, memorial of our love.

Enter Virginia and West Virginia with train of Nuns.
Virginia. My vision of thy early days fulfilled—

Within the beauteous borders, then all mine,
I and my Sister hold our watch and ward
O'er four that long were nurtured at thy breast.

Mount de Chantal. [Bearing Palm.] From cloud-
capped mountains where Saint Chantal reigns,
The Palm of victory to our Alma Mater
Lowly I bring: a century of praise
Is hers. O may her spotless record live
Thro' ages till the trump of doom shall sound!

Parkersburg. [Points to painting of Mary.] Our
offering, lo! before thee stands: the sweet
And willing labor of our hands, and yet
Our heart's love had a touch in every stroke.
May that dear Virgin Mother overflow
Thy cup of happiness this triumph day!

Abingdon and Richmond. [In unison.] We gathered
at the blushing dawn for thee
Stately magnolias, winged with odors light,
[Offering them.]

Which bear, like carrier pigeons, words of love
To add to this sweet empery of joy.

Alma Mater. O Daughters of my love! this happiness
Is torrent-like—it floods my very being.
I have done naught to merit it.

New York. Thou hast,
If children rise and call their mothers blessed.
York, too, hath trophies for thee.

Brooklyn and Parkville. [In unison.] Yea, we bring
 From the cold North a pair of snow-white doves:
 I.—The dove bought back her Jesus unto Mary;
 II.—And Jesus loved its sweet simplicity.
 Both.—He first, and then our Blessed Father
 made

Its gentle laws for us a heavenly treasure.

Delaware. Lo! here my favorite, Wilmington.

Wilmington. [Bearing folio books.] Our Saint's
 Dear writings, steeped in Annecy's own heart,
 And teeming with the aroma that still floats
 Up from the purple palace of his tomb,
 And angel-wafted falls o'er all the world—
 I lay upon the altar of thy joy.

Alma Mater. O blessed words! [*Kissing book.*] de-
 licious bread of life,
 On which my soul hath fed from infancy.
 I thank thee, [*Bowing.*] bless ye all for your rich
 gifts.

*Missouri advances between two Nuns, who bear rich
 banners.*

Saint Louis. [I. and II. in unison.] From far Mis-
 souri, [*Bowing.*] which has long been twined
 Amid the tendrils of thy heart, we come
 To hail thee with our banners, white and gold.
 I.—The Sacred Heart of Jesus be thy stay!
 II.—Thy home the breast of Mary, Queen of
 May!

Both.—Thy joy unending as the eternal day!

*Iowa enters, left, Minnesota, right, each leading a
 Nun.*

Iowa. This modest virgin is thy loved Dubuque:
 Traditions of thy sainted ones she holds,
 Which she preserves as jewels set in gold.

Minnesota. And Minnesota comes in pride to see
 Her dear apostle greet thee, Alma Mater:
 Saint Paul hath clad her with his scarf of zeal.

Saint Paul. [*Left, bearing vines.*] A strong oak-tree
 thou art, of century's growth:

With clinging vines thy boughs are interlaced
 That deck thee with new verdure year by year.

Dubuque. [*Right, bearing vines.*] The hoary hand of
 Time shall never dim

Thy youthful beauty—thou shalt ne'er grow old;
 And we, thy vines, shall clasp thee with our love.

Illinois advances, left, with Nun.

Evanston. [*Bearing lilies.*] Where the White City
 reared its wondrous domes

I've stretched my tent from many wanderings,
 With thee my comfort, as in days of yore.

Illinois. [*To Evanston.*] And I have waited long for
 thee: anear

The waters of my blue lake, dwell in peace,
 For Alma Mater's children love thee; thou
 Shalt build thy house upon a rock of rubies,
 Their strong hearts.

Evanston. [*To Alma Mater.*] Lo—my pledge
 of constancy,
 These lilies!

Alma Mater. Thou shalt have a crown for ashes,
 The oil of joy for mourning, and a robe
 Of praise for the spirit of grief.

Enter Washington, right, and Idaho, left, each leading Nun.

Tacoma. [With fruits.] I, too,
 Afar upon the bright Pacific slope,
 Where Washington my faithful guardian is,
 Thy tender influence feel. There, where the sun
 Shot down his burning glance o'er snow-tipped
 mounts,

These fruits have ripened all for thee.

Lewiston. [Bearing wild flowers.] The last
 And least of all thy happy daughters, I
 With Idaho have bridged the airy space,
 My little tribute of wild flowers to offer.

Alma Mater. [Holding flowers.] O mayst thou, little
 one, still grow in grace

And loveliness as these before His sight
 Who said: "I am the flower of the field."

Liberty. And thou, fair California, hast brought
 No love-boon from her children on thy shores
 To grace our Alma Mater's feast?

California. Ah, no!

I've stood before the sunset's Golden Gate
 Through gliding years, peering with tired eyes
 Across the gilded waves, to catch a glimpse
 Of a white sail [*To Alma Mater.*] winging thy
 peace to me—

A freight of Visitandine souls of courage.

Massachusetts. [To Alma Mater.] And I, whence
 Liberty first raised her arm

To strike Oppression out, have seen thee gird
 Thy strength, while History trod o'er the land

Weaving her woof of glory's gold and white
With threads of scarlet from the battle-field,
And where the ships go down in the deep waters—
That sable threads betrayed a nation's grief
Amid the triumph; and her tapestry
Shows forth the world's great conqueror, in peace
Yielding to us wide-watered shores and groves
Of Eden beauty: then the Mexic land
Marked off its fairest gardens for our pleasure.
And treading close upon the march of conflict,
Ever came sturdy exiles from the frown
And scourge of Tyranny, to seek the goods
That [*Bowing.*] Liberty with bounteous hand
dispenses;
Building our churches, culturing our fields,
Leading the white-maned Commerce down our
rivers
And o'er our peerless chain of lakes, till now
The world is beggar of our riches.—Yea,
And where the wild beast held the wilderness,
And savage war-whoop echoed to its howl,
Broad cities rise, where Faith hath found a home
And Art and Learning. Thou [*To Alma Mater.*]
with calm-browed Peace,
And resting in the arms of Prayer, hast looked
From earth to Heaven, from Heaven to earth
serene,
Charging thy daughters by their hopes of Heaven
To walk the way of Justice. I have watched
And longed that thou shouldst set thy peaceful feet
Upon my Rock, and where Saint Botolph rules.

Columbia. [*To Massachusetts and California.*] Fair
Sisters, falls the robe of prophecy
Upon me, and a light, piercing the deeps
Of the new century, reveals fulfilled
Your holy longings. Ye shall see the veil
And silver cross adorn your maidens, while
Ye build them choirs and spacious cloisters, 'mid
The stateliest sylvan scenes of your own choosing.

Alma Mater. Ye feed my heart with manna: 'tis a joy
So far surpassing human joys, that He
Who sees the heart knows that an angel's voice
Were needed for full utterance. And ye, [*To
four who now approach—a lady of seventy-
five, one of fifty, one of twenty-five, and a
child of six.*]

Dear children mine, ye are welcome, for ye tell
Of many generations; and each face
Is limned in my remembrance, as the page
On which his soul is writ unto the poet,
Or statue of a Christ unto its sculptor:
For O! ye know how I have striven to paint
His features on your soul's fair canvas.

Old Lady. [*Child sits on step with doll.*] Yea,
Our Alma Mater! in the days of old,
When our young tresses mocked the glittering sun-
shine,
Or flung their challenge to the raven's wing,
We clustered at thy knee—I and some hundreds—
To lisp our prayers or say our well-conned task,
Or listen as thou told'st in tender tone
Of saints, young Agneses in love divine,

Who passed from school unto the cloister's shade;
 Or of our mothers, what they did and said
 In antique times when they thy pupils were.
 Ah, me! the gold and purple-black, behold!
 Time's hand hath silvered, as along his path
 We went in gay procession, oft pursued
 By slow-paced sorrows or the lightning-stroke
 That laid our loved ones low. The world went
 on

Its rosy progress, recking not our loss,
 While thou, O tender friend, in spirit wert near:
 Thy voice we heard within our soul's deep temple
 Breathing the far-off music of our childhood,
 And comfort came, and hope grew beautiful
 With sunlit vistas in a forest of pain.

Look o'er these happy faces [*A gesture toward
 audience.*] gazing up

With sweet content at this brief pause in life:
 A life of heroisms for many who drank
 The dripping wells of grace, and were anointed
 For mortal conflict with the foe, by thee
 With oil more potent than of Grecian wrestlers.
 We hail thee, Alma Mater! and our love
 Grafted to thee in early youth, still green,
 Grows stronger 'mid the chilly dews of age.

[*Bends to kiss Alma Mater's hand.*]

Alma Mater. [*Rising.*] Nay, let me embrace thee,
 daughter of my heart!

Precious the snow and wrinkles of old age
 To those who love. Honor and happy life

[*Smiling toward Alumnae.*]

Be to the dear ones thou dost represent!

Old Lady. [*Extending her hand toward three younger ones.*] Behold three generations of my joys!

This is the center of my heart, my daughter,

[*Caressing her.*]

Left to proclaim Love's victory over Death.

At morning Mass and when Night draws her veil

Upon her offices of gentle love,

I bless my God that thou wert teacher, friend,

And counsellor to her.

Alma Mater. [*Laying hand on her head.*] Thy
praise, my child,

Comes sweet from mother's lips.

Middle-aged Lady. But mother love, [*Looking fondly on her mother and taking her hand.*]

Doth it not oft exaggerate? Yet I

Would truly be, as one who drank for years

The chalice of your teachings. Chosen here

To raise my voice in praise and gratulation

For them who stand anear life's middle portal,

I hold their hearts a mirror still, where thou

Mayst see thyself reflected. Our life-work

Was founded here: and tho' 'tis marred by faults

Of human weakness, yet we trust to *be*,

Not seem, our Mother's glory and her crown.

A principle leaps o'er each obstacle

And carries troops of noble works along;

So principle hath led some back to thee

To cloistral rest: and in home's sanctuary,

Surrounded by our growing "olive plants,"

It guides full many to the highest good,

Strengthening the sinews of the soul to bear
 Life's burdens for the sake of other lives.
 And principle hath called some gentle spirits
 To linger thro' the vales of Poesy,
 Or climb thro' thorns her mount majestic,
 While Art and Music beckoned some their ways.
 And numberless activities have spread
 Where able heads and generous hearts combine
 For Charity and sweet Philanthropy,
 Or—not less noble—for the upward march
 Of intellectual progress. [*The little child ascends
 the steps and seats herself at Alma Mater's
 feet.*]

Alma Mater. Ye have made
 Me proud and happy, O my cherished Daughters!
 Knowledge and Power are twins, nay, they are
 one
 For the world's ruling when your guide is God.
 I would not have ye build a pyramid
 To Pride: nay, build the House of Holiness
 In many souls, your own the first.

Middle-aged Lady. But ah!
 The hundred eyes of Argus oft were needed
 'Gainst sallies of Temptation and the World
 As on we pressed; and thou hast been to us
 A wayside inn, where oft we turned for rest
 And sweet refreshment. But my daughter waits,
 And I am too prolix, the fault of Love
 And Age.

Young Lady. [*Bears roses; kisses Alma Mater's hand.*]
 What shall thy young Alumnae bring

To deck their Alma Mater's centuried brows?
Garlands of June's bright roses were the fittest.
So young we are, the world is new as yet,
Brimming with pleasure; and the cup of love
We drink, for God hath placed it at our lips,
Cherubic watchers guarding home and heart.
But fear not; to the world's sweet poison, thou
An antidote hast given. Old memories
Shall wind our hearts with new-born tendrils, year
By year: the chapel song, the evening prayer,
The shaded walks and scent of garden flowers,
The halls, our old torn books, shall speak to us
A language of enchantment: and thy counsels,
The rays of morning unto us, shall shine
Still brighter at our noonday, and still hold
Their lustre at our life's decline. Today

[*Little child steps down and puts arm around
her mother.*]

Unmeasured joy is ours—unmeasured love,
Whose sweet arithmetic an angel's skill
Could scarcely sum in all these loyal hearts,
Where Winter, Autumn, Summer, meet with
Spring.

[*Laying her hand on the child's head.*]

Little Child. I tried to learn a speech the Seniors
taught me

Just because I'm the smallest girl in school:
I promised them I'd say it; but my doll [*Kissing
it.*]

Has been so naughty, I've forgot it all.

I hope the Seniors and the rest forgive me:
 And so I'll tell you just as I tell mamma,
 We love you, O so much! a thousand bushels—
 And now I'll kiss you "sweet good-bye."

*[Alma Mater bends over and kisses her—the
 child trips down to a Senior who is ap-
 proaching the throne.]*

Senior Graduate. O Alma Mater! we can say no more.
 This child

Has voiced our love in sweet simplicity;
 And every heart—from 'Ninety-nine, whose tears
 With smiles commingle on this triumph day,
 Touching with hallowed stains [*Lifts the Glass
 Ribbon.*] our Pink and Gray,—

Down thro' the ranging years of class and class,
 With varying colors bright, Crimson and Black,
 And Red and Blue, to this dear graduate

[Caressing the child.]

Of nineteen hundred ten, hath but one word
 For thee—the highest, purest, language holds—
 We love thee!

[Virtues disappear gradually.]

Alma Mater. One of earth's greatest poets wrote:
 "Thanks is the exchequer of the poor." But love,
 Love, too, is the exchequer of the poor,
 And mine is overflowing with its gold,
 Coined in my heart of hearts, inscribed and signed
 With the dear names of all my Daughters, here
 And far away on earth, and looking down
 From Heaven to shed their rapture on our joy.

Prayer. Sweet as the spikenard broke so long ago,
The delicate homage earth lays at thy feet;
But now those hands that once anointed thee
For thy great mission wait to crown thy brow.

Alma Mater. [*Rises — stands between Liberty and
Columbia.*] The Church, my light and guide!
O Hundred Years,
Across your shining track, heavenward I've seen
Them go, the Mitred Saints,² from him whose life
Gave breath to me—to him whose modest merit
The world acknowledges and God has crowned
Pre-eminent in glory in our land,
Whose Scarlet is no bar to lowliness
Or grief or misery pleading at his gates.
And each has been to me a tower of strength.—
To them, and to that army of the Lord,³
Whose bright insignia is embossed and wrought
By Zeal's own fingers and by martyrs' blood
In "*Ad majorem Dei gloriam*,"—
And to each surpliced guardian of our flock
I render thanks whose fullness touches Heaven.

*Music—harps, violins and pianos. Enter Procession;
Faith, Hope, Charity in wheel dance; Learning
and Song, Chastity and Fortitude, Prayer with
censer; a little girl with crown on silken pillow;
Church enters last, in Cardinal's robes, attended
by acolytes; as Church appears the whole chorus
breaks forth in the Coronation Hymn, while a
graceful tableau is formed; Alma Mater in center,
Church by her side.*

CORONATION HYMN.

Crown her, crown our Alma Mater
With her jeweled crown of years;
Of her daughters' hearts 'tis woven,
And in love's bright gold appears.

Liberty. [Solo.]

Far and near they come to greet her,
Greet her triumph day of days—
And their hymns of joy are echoed
Thro' the land with love and praise.

Chorus.

Crown her, crown our Alma Mater
With her jeweled crown of years;
Of her daughters' hearts 'tis woven,
And in love's bright gold appears.

Church. I've watched with heart that beats in unison
With all these loyal hearts assembled here,
To pay this matchless tribute to thy merit.
The pledge thou gav'st a Hundred Years ago
Of "tireless service" thou hast kept; and thou
Hast "saved our tender plants from baneful winds,
From noisome vapors of the chill night air,
And nursed them into strength and loveliness."
And white-souled generations passed away
Look down amid the cherubim and thrones
To see thee crowned [*Takes crown and holds it*
up.] with these bright gems of earth,
Wove by thy Daughters' love, who are indeed
Thy peerless jewels. [*Crowns her kneeling.*]

'Tis a symbol fair
Of the divine coronal heavenly love
Is weaving out of God's own treasury
For thee and thine. O may the Century
Whose portals ope beneath this triumph arch
But usher thee into more glorious paths
Of usefulness and honor for our country,
This land, where Liberty [*Gestures toward her.*]
is guardian spirit,
Whose eagle floats above us, and whose stars
Point to a higher land, where, 'mid the Church
Triumphant, thou and all thy white-souled
Daughters
Shall shine, star-crowned, for all eternity!

Tableau—Chorus.

Hail, O hail our Alma Mater
In her jeweled crown of years;
Of her Daughters' hearts 'tis woven,
And in love's bright gold appears.
Lo! our Holy Church with gladness
Doth her lights and incense bring,
And her brow with glory crowneth
Who is Daughter of the King!

Curtain.

HERMINE

1 1 1

A DRAMA IN THREE ACTS.

Persons of the Play.

Lady Francesca Brackenburn, a young widow.

Hermine, her daughter, four years old.

Lady Anne Brackenburn, her mother-in-law.

Sister Marie, a Sister of Charity, her friend.

Anna Leslie, maid to Lady Francesca.

Jeannette, maid to Lady Anne.

Meg Burns, }
Ellen Campbell, } servants to Lady Anne.

Elise, a stewardess.

Dame Murray.

Maude Wellman, }
Alice Wellman, } pupils to Lady Francesca.

A servant ; passengers on vessel.

HERMINE

SCENE.—*On a ship at sea; in America; in Scotland; in France.*

ACT I.

SCENE I. ON A SHIP AT SEA.

In the cabin. Lady Francesca is discovered near crib of Hermine in center. Anna Leslie at her left.

Lady Francesca. How wildly rocked the vessel all the night!

I held my child tight to my aching heart—
So tight that if the angry billows' strength
Had gulfed us with tempestuous sweep far down
In watery vales, abysses fathomless,
Mid rocks and spars and huge uncounted monsters,
And hurtled us an hundred leagues away,
We would have risen to the cruel sunlight
Still riveted in that immortal clasp.

[*Bending over crib.*] My child! my child! my
all-the-world! Naught else

To live for now—love, husband, home, all gone:
And Heaven hath turned to me a face of brass,
And shut my way up with square stones. Ah, me!
If I could pray—but when I teach my child
Its prayer, my soul in fierce rebellion rises.

Had I but heeded the sweet voice that spake
In years ago—obeyed those pleading eyes,
That nevermore on earth shall meet my gaze,
And ne'er forsook my own fair Italy
For cold, inhospitable, northern shores:
But ah! he loved me and I could not stay.
And my sweet child! how soft her prayer to-
night—

“Dod bess dear mamma and her little dirl,
And bwing dear papa back to us aden.”
Anna, is she not feverish? Methinks
Her breathing's hot and hurried.

Anna. Nay, dear lady,
Your mother fears start up at naught; but now
I do bethink me, late this afternoon
That dark-haired, bead-eyed woman, whom we
met
So oft upon the deck, her peering gaze
Fixed on Hermine—

Lady Francesca. As she would drink her beauty;
My darling! who could help it?

Anna. Nay, not so;
She hath an evil eye, and sweet Hermine
Shrinks from her presence. As we walked this eve
The grand salon, the stewardess, who's ever kind,
Begged my dear charge of me to get some sweets
Which she had made for her. Ten minutes passed;
I sought the stewardess; lo! in her room
That hateful creature, Murray named; and trem-
bling

Upon her knee was my sweet babe with eyes
Distended, and her pretty face all flushed.
"Take me to mamma, nurse!" shrieked the child,
And sank within my arms as in a swoon.
I hate that woman, and a secret dread
Comes o'er me when I meet her.

Lady Francesca. Strange—thou said'st
That in the village thou hadst met her once.

Anna. And on your grounds, my lady, twice she walked
In close consult with Lady Brackenburn,
Three days ere we set sail; your plans were sure
O'erheard by creatures of my lady, foes
To you and sweet Hermine—

Lady Francesca. [*Excitedly.*] Great God! my child?
You think—speak, Anna!

Anna. How unfold the depth
Of villainy their hideous plot conceals?
Not sated with the ruin of your name,
Your spotless reputation, they have schemed
To rob you of your child. As trusty William,
The night before we left, passed through the hall,
He handed me a doll Hermine had dropped,
He said, in the garden. It was false, I knew.
But pinned to the shoulder I this paper found:
Read it, madam, and judge.

Lady Francesca. [*Reads.*] "Your plans are known:
Beware a dark-eyed witch who sails with you.
Watch o'er Hermine or she is lost." Is lost?
Is lost? O Heaven! Fate unrelenting, cruel,
Must all be torn from me by thy dark hand?
The Lady Brackenburn—the hard of heart,

That monster in the guise of woman—how
Did she give birth to my sweet husband? He?

[*Murray enters Left and listens.*]

No earthly title could enhance his glory;
He was a temple of nobility—

Gentle yet strong—as lion brave, yet tender
As the pet lamb he gave me on my birthday,
Scarce six sad months ago—[*A noise is heard:*

Anna turns and Murray disappears.]

Ha! who comes here?

Anna. Madam, an eavesdropper; Murray, that woman,
I do believe, my lady. [*Child shrieks in sleep.*]

Lady Francesca. [*Anxiously.*] See—her sleep
Is troubled and affrighted.

Child. Mamma! mamma!

O tum and help me!

Lady Francesca. [*Kneeling by crib.*] Darling, precious
one,

Rest thou in peace; no harm shall near thee come.
Bright angels watch above thee; and this heart,
Thy mother's broken heart, thy pillow is.

SCENE II. CABIN OF SHIP.

Enter Dame Murray and Stewardess Elise.

Elise. A pretty child it is—a perfect beauty;
A sight of good it does me just to see her
And hear her prattle; strange, she comes to me
Without a whimper, patters o'er the deck,
Says me her sweet dood-night and morning; yet
So 'feard of you. I'll never try to cheat

The pretty darling so again.

Murray. [*Frowning and looking cautiously around.*]

Why not?

I'll tell you how to earn a pretty sum
By doing almost nothing; 'tis a chance
That comes not often in a life—a good
One hundred pounds. [*Aside.*] I think I can
afford

From my one thousand promised, to engage
This for such fair swift help as she can give:
And then, perchance, I'll fool her in the end.

Elise. [*Thoughtfully.*] 'Twill take me many a year to
earn so much.

Murray. I'll teach you how to earn it in a day.

The child, Hermine, I've orders to secure
From that low woman whom she calls mamma,
And take her back to her own proud domain.
Within two days the ship will touch the shore:
If, in the hurry of landing, you will beg
To hold the child and bring it swift to me,
This check is yours.

Elise. [*In horror.*] Surely, you do not mean
To steal the child from its own mother's arms?

Murray. You simpleton—you do not understand?

The child is of a noble house, and now
Dragged off to poverty, perhaps to death,
By this unworthy woman. Mercy 'tis,
To take the babe back to her princely home,
And rescue her from such a fate as this.

Elise. Is she so guilty? Why, she looks more like
An angel than a woman—gentle-bred,

And full of dignity as grace.

Murray. [*Contemptuously.*] Low-born,
 She caught a young lord by her cheating arts;
 Magic she must have used, for I ne'er saw
 Beauty in her dark face, or grace of form,
 Or one poor grain of merit in her mind.
 But no more words—you'll help me?

Elise. [*Walking toward left.*] I must think;
[*Pauses.*]

What if you get the child and go secure,
 And I be put in prison?—Anyhow
 Your project's silly; how could you escape,
 However great the throng, without detection,
 A shrieking child within your arms? [*Dusting.*]

Murray. [*Aside.*] Poor fool!
 She thinks I am an idiot like herself:
 She little knows what means I have to still
 Its squalling, and who waits me at the wharf
 To bear me safe away. [*To Elise.*] That's very
 true;

But yet through mercy for the innocent
 I'll risk the danger—even a prison wall.
 And you—humanity and this broad check
 Should make you soon decide the question.

[*Walks right, reading a newspaper.*]

Elise. [*Aside, sighing.*] Well—
 I'd like a hundred pounds; poor mother's sick,
 And brothers four that must be clothed and fed—
 How they will bless me for my welcome gift!
 And fair Hermine will have her own bright home.
 And I—I will not steal the child—no judge

Can lay it at my door ;—I'll say the babe
Was snatched from me by—some one in a mask,
That's just the thing—and then if they catch

Murray

She'll have to pay for it, that's all ; and I
Shall have my clear one hundred pounds.

Murray. [*Looking up from newspaper.*] Well, friend,
Do you consent?

Elise. If—all is as you say,
I think 'tis good to aid you ;—but the check—
I'd—rather have the money paid in gold.

Murray. Why! do you think I'd carry so much gold?
A traveler is in danger every step;
Less weight, more safety. But my lady's name
Is good at any bank in Christendom.
You've but to show it and the yellow pieces
Will drop before your eyes in less than no time.
Done, then, I shall depend on you ; but mind,
You'll be in danger if the secret 'scapes. [*Exit.*

[*Elise paces the floor uneasily; she touches something
with her foot, and stooping, raises a tiny silver
medal of the Sacred Heart.*]

Elise. Ha! 'tis a medal which Hermine has dropped:
I'll take it to her.

[*Goes toward door and returns.*]

No, 'tis too late now ;
The child is fast asleep ; I'll wait till morning.

[*She gazes on the medal with agitation.*]
Is it temptation? Why can I not pray?—
That woman Murray's dark and deep ; and she
My lady did belie, for never guilt

Looked from that face or burrowed in that heart.

[She walks the floor with hands clasped.]

What have I done? A hundred pounds!—'tis scarce

A moment since the thought gave me a world
Of joy *[Rolling of thunder.]* and now remorse
afflicts my soul

And tells me 'tis a crime that I'm engaged to.

[Pauses: working of passion—then with scorn.]

A hundred pounds? If this before the act
What sorrow will be mine when I have done it?

[Kissing the medal.]

God pardon me for such a sinful thought!

I'll after her and tell her that her bribe

Though 'twere a hundred millions shall not tempt
me.

SCENE III. WRECK OF THE VESSEL.

*Same scene. Noise of thunder and rain. Enter Elise,
followed by Murray in anger.*

Murray. You confounded fool: you've changed your
mind already.

A loud voice within. The ship is on the reefs!

*[Elise rushes out, followed by Murray. Cries and
groans. Loud voices above the din and confusion.]*

Voice. She's sprung a leak!

Another voice. Man the pumps.

*[Passing from left to right of men and women. Fire
appears. Heavy rain, wind, thunder and light-
ning.]*

Voice. My God, the ship's on fire!

Woman's voice. This way, mother; Heaven protect us!

Deep commanding voice within. All hands on deck!

Man the boats!

Murray. [*Crossing with babe in arms.*] I've got her safe, after all.

Woman. [*Crossing.*] Don't leave me here to perish.

Voices. God have mercy on us! O Lord, help us!

Lady Francesca. [*Crossing.*] Hermine, my child!

[*Others following. Lurid light all the time. Storm continues. Voices in the distance.*]

Curtain.

SCENE III. HOSPITAL.

Lady Francesca on couch, Left center. Sister of Charity and Elise seated near a table, Right.

Elise. O Sister, that my lady would awake
From this long, terrible delirium!
Better perhaps if death had taken her
With Anna in the horrors of that night.

Sister. [*Looking tenderly upon Lady Francesca.*] Her first soft sleep, they say, these eighteen days—
A restful slumber: and the pain that marked
Her brow hath yielded to a tranquil smile;
A messenger, I do believe, that comes
To tell us reason hath resumed her throne.

Elise. God grant it, Sister! But alas! how break
To her the fearful news? Hermine—Hermine!
Her loss will kill her.

Sister. Let us place our trust

In Him who pitieth the sparrow's fall—
Who will not break the bruised reed nor quench
The smoking flax. And she, whose sorrow topped
All other human woe, will hear our prayer,
And heavenly oil into this bleeding heart
Will pour, and work a miracle of comfort.

Elise. Alas! the doctor said but yesterday
He feared the awakening to her fatal grief.

Sister. But thou believ'st that Murray has the child?
Dost think that in the rage of wind and wave
She 'scaped unhurt?

Elise. Yea, when we struck she stood
Beside me in high anger; at the shock
She darted toward the boats, which in a trice
Were lowered; our brave sailors fought with death
In every shape; the tempest raged, and billows
As high as mountains beat upon the ship.
The struggling passengers, with prayers to God,
Pressed madly to its sides; when lo! the flames
Burst through the hold. I reached my lady's
cabin;
The smoke was blinding; she was groping round
And shrieking for Hermine. She caught me:
"Help—
Help Anna," quick she said, "she's wounded."
Then,
Like one insane, she fled toward the boats,
Calling Hermine. One of our noble crew
Seized her within his stalwart arms and bore
Her safe away. He said she swooned, and so
Was lowered to the life-boat. As she fled

I turned to Anna; on the floor she lay,
 Blood gushing from her head and mouth; I tried
 To lift her, calling loud for help. "No—no!"
 She gasped; "I'm dying—Murray snatched—the
 babe—

And threw me down.—Pray God—for—me:—I
 die."

Then "Jesus—Mary—" faint I heard, and life
 Had passed away. I knew no more until
 I wakened 'mid the heaving waves, and saw
 The lurid flames like scarlet mantle wrap
 The noble vessel.

Sister. And you heard no more
 Of Murray or the child?

Elise. The tempest tore
 The boats asunder; one they feared was lost.
 The cold rain poured upon us till we reached
 The land. We wrapped the lady as we could,
 But vain our efforts—

Lady Francesca. [*Feebly.*] Anna—com'st thou not?
 [*Sister Marie approaches the bedside.*]

Where am I, Anna? Bring Hermine, my child.
 [*Rises up on her elbow, but falls back on the pillow.*]

[*To Elise.*] Thou art not Anna: call my maid;
 perchance

She's still on deck with baby; call her—say
 I would arise at once. I've slept full late.

[*Passes her hand across her brow.*]

Beseech you, pardon me; I know you now.

Elise. [*Tenderly.*] I go, madam. [*Aside to Sister.*]
 She is herself again.

It breaks my heart ; I cannot speak to her.

I'd go the wide world o'er if I could bring

Her child once more to meet those mournful eyes.

Sister. Mother of Mercy, touch my lips with healing !

[*Sister Marie kneels by the bed.*]

Lady Francesca. Une Soeur de Charité ? Suis-je donc malade ?

Pardonnez, je vous prie ! Who art thou—tell ?

Thou com'st a vision from the beauteous past—

From Heaven, or from my own fair Italy.

I see her flowery vales and crested hills,

Her brooks and grass-fringed, crystal lakes ; the
breath

Of my own Apennines floats o'er my brow ;

Once more a child, sweet chimes of Convent bells

Call me to prayer. Alas ! I cannot pray ;

I have forsaken God, and now He leaves me.

Sister. Lady, be calm, I pray you ; you are ill—

[*Touches a bell.*]

Too ill to speak ; rest here in peace and trust

Beneath the mantle of our Virgin Mother.

[*Lady Francesca falls back with eyes closed.*]

Enter servant.

Bid Sister play some soft and soothing air ;

[*Exit servant.*]

And you [*To Elise.*] stay by her. [*Harp music.*]

Sister. [*Aside, walking to right.*] Spite of years of
change

And this religious habit, still she knows me.

My childhood's love and guide in beauteous paths :

How little thought I when I left for France

That I should be the chosen! She so pure,
 So high above me, so angelic, I
 In gazing on her dreamed myself in Heaven.
 And now—unless in wild delirium
 Her lips spake treason 'gainst her soul's fair life,
 All faith and hope have left her. O the grief
 That fatal marriage wrought! But prayer shall win
 The victory yet, and bring Francesca back
 To all the purity and grace of youth.

SCENE IV. THE SAME.

Enter Sister Marie and Elise, Right.

Elise. And you have told my lady all? The death
 Of gentle Anna and Dame Murray's theft
 Of sweet Hermine? Poor lady! broken heart!
 How did she bear it?

Sister Marie. First, in speechless sorrow,
 Awe-stricken silence, statue-like despair:
 I paused, and knelt affrighted by her side;
 Then in a voice unnatural she whispered,
 "Lead to the chapel—let my heart break there."
 I led her tottering steps to the altar's foot,
 And there unmoved, my arms around her, long
 She knelt, silent as death; then, gentle sobs
 And moans broke forth, and, prostrate on the floor,
 Grief, like a mutinous torrent, overwhelmed her.
 Vain strove I to upraise her till the storm
 Had died; then, calm and pale, she took my arm
 And, with a moan like that from dying lips,
 She said: "This bitter chalice must I drink?
 My God, Thy justice is most terrible!"

Elise. Thank God, she knows the worst! The Sacred
Heart

Is merciful and will sustain her weakness.

*Enter Lady Francesca in background, leaning on a
maid.*

And, Sister, now a strange surprise for you;
But now I left the parlor where a sailor
From off the wreck hath sought us out. He saw
Dame Murray and Hermine—

Lady Francesca. [*Approaching.*] Great God! Her-
mine?

What said'st thou, girl?

Sister Marie. My lady, sit thee down
And calm thee, and Elise shall tell thee all.
Be strong, Francesca.

Lady Francesca. [*With an impatient gesture.*] Say,
Elise, at once,

What thou hast heard of my dear lost Hermine.

Elise. Lady, a sailor of our crew—of those
Who put forth in the first ill-fated boat—
Ill-fated, as we thought,—just left the door;
He learned that we were passengers, and came
To tell the happy Providence which saved
The crowded souls within the frail boat tossed.
Far o'er the waves toward night of that sad day
A vessel bound for Cuba sighted them
And bearing down upon them rescued all.

Lady Francesca. O gracious God, I thank Thee! And
Hermine?

Elise. The child was in the boat, he said. An old
And gray-haired woman bore her in her arms,

Who called herself its granddame, tore her hair
And cried most piteously because the child
Lay in a trance like death the whole day long.

Lady Francesca. O Mary, sorrowful Mother, guard
my child!

Elise. 'Twas that wretch Murray in disguise, I cried.
And then I told the tale of crime you know.
He answered horror-struck: "We touched the
port
At daybreak; I myself in pure compassion
Did lend my aid to her you Murray call;
Ere night, upon a vessel bound for England
I saw her safely stowed—the pretty child
Still sleeping in its deathlike trance.

[*Lady Francesca moans and falls back in her chair.*]

'Twas wont,
She said, from birth to have strange fainting fits,—
'Twould soon be well; and so with many thanks
She hastened to her berth." And this is all,
Dear lady, for the vessel sailed that night
For England. [*Lady Francesca weeps.*]

Sister. [*Taking Lady Francesca's hand.*] But Her-
mine still lives, dear friend;
And fail not hope, for yet the Heart Divine
Shall place her in her mother's arms. Weep not,
Dear lady, joy shall send its rays, and scatter
These heavy clouds ere many days are past.

Lady Francesca. [*Rising.*] Sweet Sister, I must back
to Scotland; beg
Upon my knees, if need be, of my cruel foe—
Alas! my husband's mother—for my child.

My mother-love shall brook her proud contempt,
The scorn of her base minions, anything,
To clasp Hermine once more unto my breast.

Sister. Lady, thou'rt yet too weak ; thou canst not go
This weary journey ; rest in peace awhile.
'Twere best we learned if Murray touched the
shore
Of Scotland ere thou turn thy steps abroad.
I know a trusty man, who, two days hence,
Sails for the continent. Let him make search,
And if Hermine within thy castle bides,
Thyself, then stronger grown, may'st seek her
there.

Lady Francesca. Thy counsel always prudent is and
wise.

O would that I might fly on angel's wings
And snatch my child from out those traitor arms !

Elise. Lady, this holy mission must be mine ;
Love shall give wings ; and soon on Scottish strand,
Disguised, I'll hie to the castle ; offer there
My services for any menial part—

Lady Francesca. But Murray's dangerous eyes will
soon detect

'Neath any guise thy presence. Hast forgot
That last wild scene, and Anna's death-blow dealt
By Murray's hand ? I fear the worst for thee,
For her suspicion roused, thou know'st she's reck-
less.

Elise. But my disguise shall be so perfect—none,—
Even you, my lady, shall not pierce its folds ;

My voice an aged tremor, and a limp

[*Suiting the action to the word.*]

Shall be an added grace. Fear not for me.

Besides, this Murray serves not at the castle ;

Perchance I shall not meet her wicked face.

Be sure that God will ope to me a path ;

A few month's absence and I shall return,

Bearing your treasure in my joyful arms.

Sister. An inspiration from on high, Elise ;

Nay, lady, say no more, for God will bless

Her generous zeal ; her outfit we will haste ;

A kind friend ample means will furnish us,

And ere a week Elise shall ride the sea.

Lady Francesca. [*Falling back wearied in her chair.*]

God bless you both for all your gentle comfort :

So helpless am I, I perforce must yield ;

But while I kneel within the altar's shade

In humble prayer, thou, Elise, shalt go

'Neath shade of angel's wings and seek my lost,

My soul's life, sweet Hermine. The Sacred Heart

Be with thee night and day !

Elise. [*Kneeling by her side.*] And touch thy heart,

Thy sad, crushed heart, with drops of heavenly
balm !

Curtain.

ACT II. SCENE I. SCOTLAND—CASTLE OF
BRACKENBURN.

Lady Anne Brackenburn alone—seated.

Lady Anne. Strange Murray comes not with the child :
long since

The ship which was to bear her home hath anchored,

And here I, miserable, wait her pleasure.

My precious pet, Hermine! Each day a month
Hath been since her sweet face was torn from me;
Her pretty, tender ways, her lively pranks,
The morning kiss of those rose-laughing lips—
Her wise conceits, her solemn, gray-haired questions;

Each hour my soul seeks her in agony,
My dead boy's child; and she, that foreign girl,
Must drag her from her lordly home, to waste
Her gentle life in penury and toil.

How fierce the hate that burns within my heart
For her and all her set, with holy water,
Beads, and what not of idle mummeries!

[*Paces the room in excitement.*]

Low-born, too, howsoe'er her culture rich
Hath come, by nature or by studious arts
And long society with my dear son.
I welcomed her with hate, and she hath felt
Its sting each hour through these slow-rolling
years,

Since first Francesca, wily peasant, set
Her treacherous foot within our castle gates.

[*She pauses—play of passion.*]

And hate and joy fought madly which should win
The battle in my heart when those broad gates
Forever closed against her;—but, my heart!
She conquered when she bore away Hermine.

[*Pauses—a look of agony in her face.*]

A mortal pang—a wild presentiment
Hath seized my spirit—what if Murray—no,
I dare not think—

Enter Jeannette with newspapers.

Jeannette. Your ladyship, the journals.

[*Lady Anne seizes them—puts on her glasses.*]

Lady Anne. My hand is tremulous—I cannot see—
Jeannette, read quickly what thou know'st I crave.

Jeannette. [*Examines one.*] Naught of the packet
Majesty in this,

My lady; [*Opens another.*] nor hath this a word
of it;

Ah! [*Reading a third.*] this, the latest, says—
[*Pauses.*]

Lady Anne. [*Seizing her arm.*] Read, girl; what
says it?

Jeannette. The packet Majesty arrived last night
At Liverpool—rough voyage—passengers
All safe. [*Reading the list.*]

Lady Anne. [*Breathlessly.*] And what of Murray and
Hermine?

Jeannette. Her name I read not on the list; three
ladies,

A Mrs. Stanhope, widow with two children;
Madame la Ponte and nieces; Mrs. Moore
With infant girl, are all.

Lady Anne. [*Walking nervously.*] O grief on grief!

Jeannette. [*Aside.*] She reaps the bitter fruit of her
own sowing.

Lady Anne. [*In grief.*] No more, Jeannette?

Jeannette. A merchant's packet, Freedom,
From foreign port—from Cuba—naught to us.

Lady Anne. But read, Jeannette!

Jeannette. [*Slowly.*] No passengers are named
Save crew, two gentlemen with families,
An orphan girl beneath the captain's care,
And, yes—Señora Angelo with grandchild.

Lady Anne. [*Tearing off wrapper from an old paper.*]
And what is this? A scrawling hand.

Jeannette. [*Taking paper.*] Lady,
It is a month old paper. [*Examines it.*] Ah! but
here

A passage marked with red.

Lady Anne. Read, read, Jeannette.

Jeannette. [*Reads.*] A vessel wrecked—the Fortunate
—off Charleston.

Heart-rending scenes—some rescued from the
waves;

A Scottish lady injured—and her maid
And child of four years perished in the flames.

Lady Anne. Great God! the name, the name, Jean-
nette: is't she?

Jeannette. The Lady Brackenburn, her child Her-
mine—

The lady's state is critical—

Lady Anne. [*Waving her hand imperiously.*] No
more—

No more of her. Would God that she had
drowned

Or burned, so Alfred's child were spared! Would
Heaven

My boy had never seen her face!—Hermine—

[*Weeping.*]

Hermine—and burned to death—O frightful fate!

Enter Meg, a servant, trying to push back an old woman—Elise disguised.

Meg. Stay out here, will you, till I tell my lady?

Ellen. [*Holding her back.*] Coom back, canna ye have mair sense than this?

Elise. I'll trust nayther av yiz, so I won't. Sure

I can plade my own cause, an' what's more I'll do it. Yiz are a pair av desavers, an' ye wouldn't have let me lay eyes upon me lady at all, if yiz could help it.

Lady Anne. Who is this rude and forward stranger, girls?

Meg. I beg your pardon, my lady, but we couldn't keep her out; will you, nill you, she'd come in.

Elise. [*Kneeling and wringing her hands.*] Sure, me lady, I'm a lone ould woman an' an orphan; an' I thrun myself upon yer mercy for the bit an' the sup, if ye'll give it to me for me work. The world's a mighty desateful world an'—

Lady Anne. [*Severely to Meg and Ellen.*] Your conduct's strange to let this creature in.

The time is most inopportune for this.

Elise. [*Pleadingly.*] Arrah now, yer highness, don't be afther sendin' me away; an' don't be look-in' at me so scornful-like. Sure an' I can do a dale av work, an' all for the crust an' a little corner av sthraw to slape on.

Lady Anne. [*Mildly.*] Woman, I do not need your services;

My days are full of grief; I beg you, leave me.

Elise. Mebbe I could help to cheer your grief; I can tell many's the foiner story av the ould counthry, an' I've been to Ameriky an' I know a hape about it.

Lady Anne. [*Starting.*] America! the word is full of woe

To me.—Thou'rt old; what canst thou do, good woman?

Elise. I can do more'n I look; I can make an omelet or a weddin' cake as aisy as I can make a bed or a kaliker wrapper; an' I'm not above fadin' the chickens or takin' care av the pigs, ma'am, plaze yer majesty. An' sure an' I knows best av all how to mind the childher, an' sing them the nursery tales—Ould Mother Hubbard, an' The Cow ran—

Lady Anne. [*Wearily.*] Enough of your accomplishments, good woman;

Take her away, Jeannette; [*To Elise.*] go with her; do

As she shall order. [*Exeunt Meg and Ellen.*]

Elise. Sure an' my lady, I thank yiz a thousand times, so I do. May the Heavens above be yer bed, and [*Very loud.*] the bed av yer childher and yer grandchildher.

[*Jeannette pulls her away.*]

Lady Anne. Her words have thrust new daggers in my heart.

Dead—dead? [*Voice broken.*] No more to see
her lovely face?

Hermine—ah, nevermore on earth, my darling!
[*Weeps.*]

Curtain.

SCENE II. THE SAME.

Elise dusting the room and limping heavily.

Elise. A week I've been in Brackenburn, a week
Of years—a hundred years of torturing doubts.
The house is full of grief for fair Hermine.
My lady walks the floor and beats her breast,
While groans and self-upbraidings soothe my ear,
The tokens of her late remorse. She thinks
Hermine fell victim to the flames; and I—
I dare not tell her all I know. Alas!
What shall I do? I know not what to do:
Murray not here—she sailed a week or more
Before I started.—William thinks his mistress
Gave her a thousand pounds to do the deed—
Now she may keep the child in payment, too.
May Heaven throw swiftly light upon my path!
[*Sees newspapers—raises one.*]

Enter Jeannette.

Jeannette. Ah!—I am seeking for those papers, please;
The foreign one that told us of the wreck.

Elise. Sure an' I'll be eternally obleeged to ye if ye'll
let me rade it now, like a bonnie lass that ye
are.

[*Jeannette hands her one, pointing to the passage.*]

Elise. [*Putting on her glasses and reading under them.*] Ah! the purty child—burned to death! Och, it's enough to break a heart av stone. And Murray—the woman yiz all tould me about—was she dhrownded or what?

Jeannette. We heard naught else—nor madam cares to hear

Since her sweet grandchild, dear Hermine, is dead.

Elise. [*Indignantly.*] In the name av the houly Hivens, wasn't the child's mother, Lady Francesca, somethin' to the ould lady? Wasn't she her daughter?

Jeannette. My lady never loved her—made her life
All bitterness, a daily martyrdom.

When young Lord Alfred died, his mother's mind
Was bent on driving her from home and Scotland,
And taking for her own the child Hermine.

But I must go—my lady waits for me. [*Exit.*]

[*Elise takes up another paper—looks over it nervously.*]

Elise. Ha! Cuba—merchant's packet, Freedom named;
My life—it sailed that very night—I tremble:
Laden—that matters not—few passengers—
The crew—two gentlemen with families—
An orphan girl beneath the captain's care—

[*Reads slowly and with emphasis.*]

Enter Meg—listens.

Señora Angelo—with grandchild.—Angelo?

'Tis Murray; so the sailor spoke—her grandchild:
Where is she now? Why waits she? What de-
signs

Upon the innocent child? I must away

Or it will be too late. I will to the port
Tonight and seek her. [*Throws down her cane.*]

There is some foul play,
But I will thwart her.

[*Meg makes a noise. Elise picks up her cane and limps out.*]

Meg. [*Coming forward.*] I told them she wasn't she,—I knew she was somebody else. Her brogue didn't deceive me, nor her gray wig. Lame, indeed! Her legs are as lively as a young hare's, and she threw her cane down with a vengeance. Something's up, I can tell you; and she knows more'n she'll tell. I'll bet you a mug of ale, Meg Burns, that she's seen young mistress. I'm going to pump her. Let's see the paper, anyway. [*Elise returns.*]
[*Aside.*] Here she comes back again.

[*Approaching her.*]

Good-morning, granny; you look flustered.

Elise. Arrah, honey, did ye see an ould paper here? I want it—for—to—light the fire. It's could in my room.

Meg. [*Laughing.*] Cold in June? O granny, that's a whopper. Come now, tell me, granny; we're sworn friends, you know, ever since you cried so that night I told you about young missus. Look here! whose long black curl is this? [*Pulling one out from under Elise's cap.*] You're no old woman, at all. I know that; so now, be honest. [*Lowering her voice.*] Do you think this Senery Angelo

[*Pointing to the name.*] is Murray? Was Murray saved, anyway?

Elise. [*Laughing and embarrassed.*] Well, did iver anyone hear the likes av that? Murray, indade! What do I know about Murray or Senery Angelo?

Meg. Well, granny, open confession is good for the soul, and I'll have to confess my knavery. I was coming in to wind up the clock, when I overheard you in your dramatic rehearsal, and stood eavesdropping. But I don't repent; and I'll go to China with you if you think that child is living and we can find it. [*Elise looks at Meg searchingly and turns away; Meg follows her.*] And what's more, granny, I'll vow and swear to keep your secret. Come now, tell me. Ill luck, here's madam.

[*Exit Meg hastily. Elise remains, makes a low courtesy, and turns to go.*]

Lady Anne. [*Seating herself.*] Didst ever have a child, grandma?

Elise. Sorra a one, yer ladyship, but I loved one wanst just as much as if she was my own.

Lady Anne. And did she die while yet a pretty child?

Elise. That's the grievous sorrow av my soul, yer ladyship, for I niver knowed what became av her; I saw her one night swate and playful, and I singing all my ould songs for her, and—woe to my poor heart!—I niver clapped eyes on her again. [*Wipes her eyes with her apron.*]

Lady Anne. [*Starting.*] What happened, grandma?
Was she drowned or burned?

Elise. No, lady, sure I don't know what—I hard—I
tried to larn—but nothin' sartain. I allus
thought a wild, bad woman stole her from her
mother's arms.

Lady Anne. Woman, what mean you? Did you
know—[*Aside.*]

Conscience at every moment plays the traitor:
I think my reason will its sceptre yield.

[*To Elise.*] And could you never find your pretty
baby?

Elise. Sure an' if I knowed where to go I'd hunt the
world; but I haven't the manes an' it ud cost
a hape.

Lady Anne. But what could you, aged and decrepid,
do?

Elise. Och, I don't know, lady; but the Lord is a light
to the blind an' a foot to the lame, so the
Holy Book says; an' His Heart is so tendher
an' lovin' I think He'd help me. Sure I'd
start tomorrow on my thravels in His name
and niver fear.

[*Lady Anne goes to her escritoire and writes.*]

Lady Anne. Here, granny, in His name I give you this.
Five hundred pounds will bear you on your way,
And at your need return. My means shall be
At your command until your lost is found.

Elise. [*Looking dumfounded at check and rubbing
her eyes.*] Sure my eyes aren't mates, lady, an'
I've grown hard av hearing. Is this the sacred

thruth? [*Kissing Lady Anne's hand.*] May
God bless your ladyship, an' rain joys on you
an' all you love!

Lady Anne. No thanks. [*Waving her hand to Elise,
who limps out, Lady Anne looking after her.*]

In aiding you to seek your child,
The Lord perchance will pardon me my guilt,
And let me meet my lost Hermine in Heaven.

SCENE III. LONDON—AN INN.

Dame Murray seated, valise near; takes off hat.

Murray. Confound my bad luck! An old woman and
a young one have been dogging my steps all
day; but I've dodged them at last, and to-
night, instead of being Señora Angelo, I'll be
Madame la Grange in my new quarters. I
thought I was safe in London for a month or
so. But I haven't dared go to see the child
today. They're two spies as sure as my
name's Murray. They came to the inn this
morning and took breakfast, and I seemed to
have a fascination for them. I'm well dis-
guised: I don't see how anyone could detect
me in this trim;—I'm afraid I'm in for it.
If that maid told anyone I killed her—I
didn't mean to give her such a violent blow,
but she wouldn't give me the child. Ugh!
her blood was all over the child's dress. I'll
pack my traps and get off as soon as possible
to Austria to Dick, where I'll be safe.

[*Looking off the stage, right.*] Heavens and earth! the wretches—here they are!

Enter Elise and Meg, disguised.

Elise. [*Low voice.*] Now, Meg, don't be afraid; let us confront the beast.

Meg. Never fear me, I'll give her pepper sauce.

[*Murray, with valise, attempts to leave the room; Elise takes her by the right shoulder, and Meg goes to the other side, assuming a threatening attitude.*]

Elise. Sure we've a little business with you, Mrs. la Grange, alias Angelo, alias Murray. We happens to know ye stole a child, an' that ye're consailing it for nefarious purposes.

Murray. [*Aside—wrenching herself away from them.*] Ha! it's that miserable stewardess.

Elise. An' we have an official here with a report drawn up for yer execution ef ye don't give up the child at wanst.

Murray. [*With foreign accent.*] Mine goot womans, you must pe dhreaming. I not know vats you mean; I pelongs to—to Normandy, vere my fameely resides.

Meg. [*Coolly.*] And there's another accusation against you, Mrs. la Grange, alias Angelo, alias Murray: you knocked down Anna, Lady Brackenburn's maid, and killed her—[*Murray starts.*] while you were dragging the child from her arms, and you'll hang for that, I'll bet you. [*Meg plants herself at the door.*]

Murray. [*Aside.*] Meg Burns, as I live. I sent the paper that said the child was drowned, but

it's no go. [*Looking at the door.*] I'll have to stand the fire. [*To Meg, defiantly.*] It's all a lie—a foul slander; [*Elise takes hold of her.*] let me go or I'll call for help.

Meg. Do, Peggy Murray, and you'll be lodged in jail tonight. You might as well make an exposé, and let the cat out of the bag at once.

Murray. You're a pair of villains; unhand me, I tell you.

Elise. Arrah, now, be quiet and do as we bid you, and we'll let you off. Go and get Lady Brackenburn's child an' give it to us immajiatly.

Murray. [*Sullenly.*] I haven't got the child.

Meg. Peg Murray, Hermine is in London; and if you don't stir your stumps and come with us in the carriage that's outside the door, go straight to the spot where you've hid the child, and hand her over to us at short notice, I'll blab all your secrets to the public ear before daylight. [*Meg and Elise consult.*]

Murray. Confusion seize them! I guess I'll hang anyway — money under false pretences — child-stealing—and killing—enough for one charge. But I'll have to go with them—if my wits can't deliver me.

Meg. Come, Murray, there's no time to lose.

[*Exeunt, Meg and Elise holding Murray.*]

SCENE IV. A PRIVATE RESIDENCE IN BALTIMORE.

A library. Lady Francesca reclining on a lounge: her

*two young pupils, Maud and Alice Wellman,
seated near. Charts and globes around. Desk at
left.*

Lady Francesca. Your lessons all are perfect, children
dear ;

Now roll the globe within the library,
And place the charts on papa's desk that he
This eve may test your knowledge of the kings
Of France and England. Alice dear may go
And practice.

Alice. That sweet song, madame, you gave me?
I'm sure I almost know one verse already.

[*Sings.*]

Lady Francesca. That's fairly sung; but now an hour
devote

To practice of the scales and exercises.

Alice. Oh, madame, don't you think they're hard and
horrid?

Lady Francesca. But Alice must please papa; and some
day

These little fingers will fly o'er the keys
Like snowy birds, and give us harmonies
Of wondrous masters who have tranced the
world—

Who make us weep, and bear our souls to Heaven.

Alice. Oh, madame, shall I ever play like that?

I'll practice, sure, with all my heart and hands,
And count—play soft and loud—*adagio, presto*—

Maud. [*Playfully.*] Then *presto*, Alice, go and play
like Orpheus,

And charm the trees and stones with your sweet sounds,

For madame promised me to read this morn

My lines on mamma's birthday.

Alice. [*Kisses Lady Francesca and dances out.*] *Au revoir!*

Lady Francesca. [*To Maud, who hands her a sheet of paper.*] Finished so soon, my child? [*Reads.*] Your filial love

Has urged your gentle pen—has made your task

Full sweet, and—crowned it with complete success.

Maud. [*Bashfully.*] And do you truly like my verses, madam?

Lady Francesca. They are, indeed, most sweet and touching, Maud.

And now a fair, pure copy for mamma.

Sit at my desk, and I will scan your progress.

[*Bell rings.*]

Enter Sister Marie. *Lady Francesca, assisted by Maud, arises with difficulty and embraces her.*

Sister. Thou dost not gain in strength, Francesca dear; Thy paleness grows.

Lady Francesca. 'Tis nature, Sister mine;

The rose forsook my cheek when I forsook

The sun and balmy breeze of Italy.

[*Impatiently.*] But talk we of the news of yesterday:

Hope and Despair take hands to torture me.

[*Maud seats herself at desk and writes.*]

Sister. Nay, God is watching o'er the event, and soon

Will right thy wrongs. And hath He not inspired
The Lady Brackenburn herself to aid
Thy cause unknowing?

Lady Francesca. O Marie, 'tis hard—
'Tis bitter that her gold must minister
To me or aught of mine. Oh, if thou knew'st
The abysses of her malice, or the depth
Of my unhallowed wishes for revenge!

Sister. Francesca, sister mine, I fear me much
This unforgiving heart of thine delays
The opening of the gate of happiness
To thee. "Forgive and thou shalt be forgiven!"
That is the teaching of the Sacred Heart.

Lady Francesca. But, Sister, you must hear the sad
contents

Of that ill-omened letter. Just a month—
A month ago, Elise, elate with hope,
Had gone to seek out Murray—met her; then,
When I was holding out my hands to clasp
My child once more, Fate dashes to the ground
My cup of joy and hands me one of gall.

[*Maud rises timidly, her task finished. Lady Francesca
holds out her hand for the paper.*]

Maud. Excuse me, madam; I do hope 'twill please you.
[*Lady Francesca looks over paper with a pleased smile,
and hands it to Sister Marie.*]

Sister. Ah, Maud, so early you begin to woo
The gentle Muses? [*Reads.*] 'Tis a tribute fair
From loving daughter to a worthy mother.

Maud. Thanks, dearest Sister, for your words of
praise,

Which all return, as you well know, to madam.

Lady Francesca. And now, Maud, bring the letter from my desk,

And read once more its hope-destroying message.

Maud. [*Reads.*] My honored Lady: When last I wrote Meg and I had traced Murray to London and breakfasted with her. Well, we dogged her steps all day, hoping she might go to the haunt where the child is concealed. That she suspected us for spies is evident from her going to another inn that evening after artfully dodging us several times. We procured a carriage on which were mounted two strong men with loaded pistols, and proceeded to confront her. She stormed and denied all knowledge of the child, but finally consented to our demands. She gave us an address outside of the city, where, she said, the child was, and entered the carriage with us. We drove a few miles, and—well, we knew no more until we found ourselves in a room at the inn in bed, our disguises off, and the maid looking at us in pity and surprise. The men had told her that on opening the door of the carriage they found no Murray, but two women in a state of unconsciousness, under a powerful opiate which she had thrown upon us, from which we did not recover for two days. We have reason to believe she has fled to Austria, but possibly she may be in France. With Lady Brackenburn's money I have employed

an Austrian detective who has an interest with the highest officials in that country. We shall leave for Paris tomorrow—Meg knows how to “parley-vous” enough for us. We shall pursue her if it takes us years. Do not fear, and above all pray for our success.—
Elise.

Lady Francesca. O could I fly to aid Elise! But here,
Pinned to the stake I lie, alas! like martyr.
A walk amid the garden paths with Maud,
And I faint here for hours; and worse, Marie,
The doctor fears my spine cannot be cured.

Sister. Francesca, there is naught for thee but patience;
And “patience is the soul of peace,” as says
Some English poet; trust in hope and prayer,
Which, like two eagles, strong, clear-eyed, mount
up
To Heaven’s gates, and come back laden down
With precious remedies for all our ills.

Lady Francesca. O wretched mother! doomed to days
and nights
Of helpless, hopeless anguish; teaching here
Beneath another’s roof his happy children,
The while my own a victim is and slave;
Most horrible! a slave to such a woman.

Sister. Dear friend, if thou would’st lay thy wounded
heart
Against the Heart Divine—once more approach
The Holy Table, where we knelt so oft
Together in Fiesole at prayer—

Lady Francesca. [*Interrupting.*] What would'st thou
 have me do, my Sister? Those
 Were happy days of innocence;—but now—
 Receive the Lamb of God—the Crucified,
 Who said “Forgive them, Father!” on the cross
 For those who murdered Him? I pray, and yet
 My heart stays hard as veined marble; weep
 Hot tears of agony as I behold
 Thee and thy peers in purity and love
 Approach the fount of love; yet I am fixed
 In hate unalterable; nor can change
 Till she—the one that wrought this world of evil,
 Till she hath plucked with her repentant hands
 The venomed shafts she plunged into my bosom,
 Or God hath humbled her beneath my feet.

[*Falls on lounge.*]

Sister. [*Aside.*] 'Tis vain: I might as well strive to
 appease

The fury of the north winds rushing mad
 Upon their course. O Hatred! hand in hand
 Thou stalk'st with thy wild brethren, dark Re-
 venge
 And flame-eyed Anger and blood-sprinkled Mur-
 der.

That thou, relentless monster, should'st lay siege
 To heart so loving, gentle as Francesca's!

[*To Lady Francesca.*] And now a slighter sorrow,
 dearest friend,

I have to tell—that my unworthy self,
 Who have some little comfort been, perchance,
 To thee, have orders to depart at once

For our dear mother-house in France.

Lady Francesca. [*Rising.*] My Sister,

I am betrothed to Sorrow: must we part?

Sister. It is the will of God, Francesca. Ways
Are His we cannot fathom—deep as ocean,
High as the heavens. Within the Sacred Heart
Meet we shall daily; but my faith is strong
That one day 'neath the skies of France we'll
meet:

Joy shall embrace thee, and thou'lt be at peace
With earth and Heaven.

Lady Francesca. Sweet Sister, may thy words
Prophetic be—and angels guard thy ways!

ACT III.

SCENE I. A DARK, ILL-FURNISHED ROOM.

Hermine seated, dressed in ragged garments.

Hermine. How lonely am I here, shut up all day!
No one to play with me or talk: alone
In this dark room—the doors and windows locked,
And not a ray of golden sunlight comes
To cheer me through the long, long, weary hours.
[*Rising.*] It is so dark I'll light the candle now.
No little girl on earth, I do believe,
Is half so sad: and just this little loaf
And mug of water for my whole day's food:
I am so hungry sometimes I half wish
The chubby mice that play around my feet
Were good for eating; but, poor little things,
I'd rather play with them than kill them off.

But [*Frightened.*] I must practise that new step before

Grandma comes back, or she will scold and beat me.

My arm—and shoulder [*Exposing it.*] have been black and blue

These three days since she beat me last.

[*Practicing.*] O dear! I cannot do it right, I know;

[*Takes five or six steps, with perplexed face.*]

No, that's not it—let's try again;

[*A few more steps.*]

I can't—[*Pouting.*]

It's no use trying, and I'd rather sing. [*Sings.*]

Enter Dame Murray.

Murray. You lazy, idle child! [*Shaking her.*] here singing instead of practising your dancing—and the candle lit in broad daylight, too. Go and get me the strap this minute.

Hermine. O grandma, don't beat me again; I'll practise. [*Begins to dance.*]

Murray. [*Boxing her ear.*] Well, take that, then—it will teach you a lesson. Here's your old sick grandma has to go out and work for you all day, and you sitting here doing nothing but eating up her earnings. It would be better for me to put you in the poor-house, and be done with you at once.

Hermine. What's that, grandma? Is it worse than this?

Murray. You impertinent little vixen! [*Shaking her.*] Worse than this? I should think it was; a crowd of bad little boys and girls around you all the time.

Hermine. O don't send me there, grandma! I am afraid of them. But—where was it that we lived a long, long time ago? Such pretty rooms—and the bright sun shone all day long—and the green grass and the flowers and the birds;—O everything was lovely!

Murray. Now, look here, if ever I hear a word of such nonsense out of you again, I'll let you feel the weight of my hand worse than I did last night. You young idiot, you never were in Such a place. Now practise till I return.

[*Exit.*

Hermine. [*Angrily, looking after Murray.*] I'm not an idiot, and I *was* in such a place—there! [*Stamping her foot.*] Everything was beautiful, and there was a sweet dark-haired lady who held me in her arms and loved me—and then, O dear! there was something terrible happened. [*Looks perplexed.*] I can't remember, only I was so frightened [*Glances toward door and begins to practise—takes a few steps, then stops and clasps her hands.*] O I wish I could run away! [*Excited and loud.*] Isn't there anybody in the whole world [*Sobs.*] who will help me? [*Weeps—Murray returns.*]

Murray. Stop your crying, you little blubberhead;

now, here's an apple a kind lady gave me to-day. [*Hermine sobs aloud as she takes it.*] Stop it, I tell you, this minute. Leonore's just coming down the street to give you your dancing-lesson. Now, Alice, wipe your eyes like a good child; and remember you're not to speak a word to her—don't open your lips.
[*Exit.*]

Hermine. [*Wiping her eyes.*] I wish I could tell Leonore all about it. Maybe she'd help me. Grandma's dreadful, I don't care if she is my grandma. She told Leonore that I was dumb; and I think if I dared to say one word to her [*Shivers.*] grandma would kill me. She sits and looks at me with such a terrible look that all my bones shiver. [*Eats apple.*]

Murray. [*Entering.*] You haven't practised a step, you disobedient child. Go to that closet and get your dress and slippers. [*Exit Hermine.*] I'm safe at last. [*Putting room in order.*] Meg Burns and the stewardess think that Hermine is dead, and have given up the search. Meg's gone to Scotland and Elise to America, and I begin to breathe freely. The child's got a graceful figure, and will soon begin to earn a pretty sum. [*Hermine returns—bell rings.*] Now come down stairs, my pet, and get dressed, for Leonore's just ringing the bell. But mind, keep your mouth shut or you'll pay for it. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. SCOTLAND.—LADY BRACKENBURN'S..
CASTLE.

Enter Jeannette and Meg Burns.

Jeannette. Why, Meg, 'tis wonderful ; a fairy tale,
Only it hath not yet a happy ending :
Hermine alive, and with that creature Murray ?
And just to think that dear old Irish granny
Should be a young and pretty girl, who's given
These long and toilsome years with loving zeal,
No thought of self, to seek my lady's child !

Meg. Yes, she's been a martyr to the cause. In the
last five years that we've been a bustling
round the world after Murray, now catching
her by the shoulders and then losing her—
following her now in Spain as Mrs. Walker,
two months after in Corsica as Lieutenant de
Vere, then in Austria as an old gypsy, on my
faith we've been on our last legs sometimes,
and we've never once laid eyes on Hermine
in the whole five years : Murray manages to
keep her under closed doors, the poor little
thing !

Jeannette. I wish my lady knew Hermine still lives ;
She might discover means to get the child.

Meg. Yes, Jeannette, but don't you go and blab now,
or we'll be in a fine pickle. I think it's almost
a shame not to tell her the child's living, and
Elise thinks so, too, since she's been spending
her money all these years in the search. Be-
sides our expenses are enormous, and the old

lady's opened her purse-strings, take my word for it, and given us *carte blanche*.

Jeannette. My lady seems bewitched with that Elise: I never saw her watch so earnestly
As now the mail since young Lord Alfred went
To Italy to woo his beauteous bride,
Lady Francesca,—now in foreign lands,
Drudging it may be, for her daily bread.

Meg. I guess Fate had determined beforehand that the old lady should pay for her cruelty to Lady Francesca. I'm glad she's beginning to repent. But I must get away. Elise is now in Burgundy trying to bag the game, and I must join her, for we have high hopes now. I cannot see my lady, for she would detain me here days. Now, Jeannette, keep a prudent tongue in your head, mind. You know if Elise gets the child, she'll never let it go out of her hands except into the arms of its own mother, Lady Francesca; so don't bungle the business for us. But good-by, [*Finger on lip.*] and mum's the word. [*Turns to go.*] O gemini! here's mistress; I'll have to hide somewhere. [*Kneels behind a large arm-chair.*] Stand front of me, Jeannette.

Enter Lady Anne reading a letter.

Lady Anne. A pair of hypocrites, deceivers!

Jeannette. [*Astonished and troubled.*] Lady?

Lady Anne. Here is a letter from my Paris bankers.
Read it, Jeannette, and see how well contrived

The villainous plot of Meg and that old grand-dame.

Jeannette. [*Reading.*] We regret to inform your ladyship that the person to whom you send such large remittances is wholly untrustworthy. She represents herself falsely to you as a person advanced in years; she is young, gay and unmarried, and spends your fortune in carousing with her boon companion, one as unworthy as herself: both drink deeply, give feasts, etc. We await your ladyship's orders.

Meg. [*Aside.*] Here's a pretty kettle of fish!

Jeannette. [*Indignantly.*] Meg Burns a drunkard and a thief? 'Tis false.

My lady, if Jeannette were in Meg's place,
Would'st thou believe this foul report of me?

Lady Anne. What mean'st thou, my Jeannette?
Thou'rt dear to me.

Jeannette. And Meg, has she not served thee years,
my lady?

I tell thee, Meg the soul of honor is,—
The purest gold, however rough the ore.

Lady Anne. But that deceiver, that wild girl, who
came—

Hypocrisy disguised as reverend age—
And won me by her skilful-woven tale
To shower my gold upon her?

Jeannette. Lady, I

Dare trust that woman unto death. Disguised?
Say, in her proper face and daily garb,
How could she gain her end and circumvent

The villain who that fair child stole?

Lady Anne. [*Shrugging her shoulders.*] Jeannette,
I am not of your mind. [*Sits herself at desk, her
back to Meg, and begins to write. Meg rises
and waves her hand toward Jeannette, who
approaches her cautiously.*]

Meg. God bless you, Jeannette; you're a regular Demosthenes. Good-by! [*Kisses her and exit.*]

Jeannette. [*Approaching Lady Anne.*] Lady, I think
If sweet Hermine were here, she'd plead the cause
Of that lost child.

Lady Anne. [*Turning.*] Alas! Jean, 'tis today
The anniversary of my heavy woe.
Five years today since my brown-eyed Hermine
Was caught within those judgment-working
flames,

That should have had my heart within their red,
Devouring mouths—the guilty, not the pure.

Today she might be here—a pretty child
Of nine, with all her winsome ways, my comfort.
But, desperate thought! whom have I to accuse?
Myself, myself alone! When Alfred's bride,
Francesca, came a motherless child to me,
Her love and trust I paid with hate and fury;
Her mild forgiveness when I spurned her rights
And trod her down with my authority,
I viewed as weakness—till the fatal day
I strove to turn my Alfred's heart from hers.
Then her Italian blood o'erleaped its bounds:
O she was glorious in her wrath as meek
In love and in forgiveness! But my hate—

'Twas Pelion upon Ossa piled that day
And burned volcanic till I thrust her forth
To toil and poverty—[*Passionate emotion.*] and—
killed—her child. [*Weeps.*]

Jeannette. [*Kneeling by her side.*] Chide not thyself
thus harshly, dearest madam;

A Providence divine doth govern all.

Have comfort, lady!

Lady Anne. [*Rising in anguish.*] Speak not, Jean, to
me

Of comfort! Not from this broad earth, or
Heaven

Itself can comfort come: O I was mad—

A wolf could do no more—nay, not so much—

'Twould shelter its own little ones.—I tell thee

Hate is a demon guest, whose hell-bred fangs

Tear most the heart that fondles it.

[*Sets herself: buries her face in her hands, while half-suppressed sobs and moans are heard now and again. Enter Meg stealthily; Jeannette retires to background; they consult in pantomime.*]

Jeannette. [*Approaching Lady Anne.*] My lady,
A saintly Sister craves an audience.

Lady Anne. Go, give her what she craves in gold or
food.

Jeannette. Madam, her business is with thee and pressing.

Lady Anne. [*Annoyed.*] It must be, then? Admit
her.

Enter Sister Marie with Jeannette.

Sister. Trust me, lady,

I grieve to intrude upon thy sorrow.

Lady Anne. Nay,

Be seated, pray thee. Human hearts were made
For grief.

Sister. The medicine is near and sweet,
My lady.

Lady Anne. How? the remedy for woe
And sin like mine? Thou know'st not what thou
say'st,
Good Sister.

Sister. Yea, prayer is an angel which
Can calm the wildest sea of woe; a sun
Which lights a path through darkest woods of sin.

Lady Anne. My guilt too great for pardon is; and
hate
And malice wrought the crime.

Sister. Prayer hath a sword
That cuts the soul away from bonds of Hate;
And then with golden chain she fetters it
Forevermore to Love's all-folding breast.

Lady Anne. Pray for me, Sister. Hate has left my
breast;

But O, remorse, self-accusation rend it,
Those despots who pursue the lost in hell.

Sister. Lady, self-accusation is the gate
To penance here on earth; and penance holds
The keys of pardon.

Lady Anne. Thou dost strengthen me;
But murder, calumny, who can undo?

Sister. Crave pardon of thy victim for the one;
Of God for both, and then thy soul is free.

Lady Anne. [*Leaning forward.*] Thou speak'st as
thou did'st know my sorrow, Sister.

Sister. Yea, lady, and from France I come to ask
A boon thou wilt not now deny—that thou'lt
Be reconciled to one I love—wilt share
Thy grief with hers.

Lady Anne. [*Moved.*] Whom dost thou mean, my
friend?

Sister. Francesca!

[*Lady Anne walks in deep emotion; stops in front of
Sister, who rises.*]

Lady Anne. Can she pardon me?

Sister. [*Clasping her hand.*] Within
The Sacred Heart the human heart's aflame
With love, and wrongs are burned to ashes.
Lady, read this [*Hands her a letter.*] and judge
if my Francesca

Hath pardoned thee or not.

[*Lady Anne reads with emotion, while Sister Marie
walks in background, rosary in hand.*]

Lady Anne. [*Seating herself.*] She is an angel.

Ah! I have wronged Francesca cruelly;

Sister, wilt thou bear her my late repentance?

Sister. With all my heart, dear lady.—Now, strange
tidings:

Five years thou mourn'st Hermine as dead; [*Lady
Anne listens with intense interest.*] five years

Francesca mourns her child not dead, but chained
To her called Murray; [*Lady Anne starts.*] both
are wanderers

Upon the Continent, pursued by two

Thou know'st full well—whose needs thou hast
supplied

Right royally.

Lady Anne. [*Dazed.*] Great God! Is all this true?
Methinks I'm not awake—I do but dream.

Sister. No dream, dear lady; 'tis the truth thou'st
heard,

Albeit strange and sad.

Lady Anne. Hermine still lives?

These eyes shall see her, and these arms enfold
her?

O bliss! [*Kneeling.*] My God, I thank Thee!

Jeannette. [*Raising her up.*] But now, lady,
Meg told to me this wondrous story.

Lady Anne. Ah!

I wronged her and her noble friend.

Sister. Elise,

Most loyal-hearted, true Elise!

Enter Meg, dressed neatly.

Lady Anne. [*Embracing her.*] Dear Meg,
My faithful Meg! these years of toil and care
Have been for my Hermine.

Meg. Yes, my lady, and I think we're near the end of
if now. Murray is in Burgundy and thinks
we have given up the search. She's given out
Hermine is dead.

Sister. Dear lady, I must haste. Francesca sailed
Some weeks ago for Europe, and perchance
Awaits me now in Paris. First, my steps
Must turn toward Paray of the Sacred Heart,
A pilgrim to fulfill a solemn vow

I registered if thou should'st grant my prayer,
And reconciled be to Francesca, lady.

Lady Anne. [*Taking her hand.*] Bide with me till the
morrow, gentle Sister,

And I a pilgrim, too, will go with thee.

[*Kneeling.*] I pledge my vow unto the Lord for
this,

And trust His mercy for the rest. [*Rising.*]
Thou'lt not

Deny me?

Sister. 'Tis a joy beyond my hope,—

An honor, lady.

Lady Anne. Start we at the dawn:

Jeannette and Meg shall bear us company.

Sister. And peace shall visit thee in blest Paray.

SCENE III. A DARKENED ROOM, ILL-FURNISHED.

Hermine alone in fancy dress. Enter Murray.

Murray. [*Aside.*] Isn't she a perfect beauty? [*To Hermine.*] You look very well tonight. Just see this costly dress! It came from Paris, and it cost a mint of money—just to trick you out, you little ingrate!

Hermine. 'Tis very bright and pretty, grandma, sure;
But why must I among those rude men go
To dance and sing for them? I'd rather far
Stay here a week in darkness than one moment
Within the glare of that great hall—and hear
Their vulgar jests and cheers and praises while
With tired feet I leap and spring for hours.

Murray. Stop all your nonsense this moment, and go

to your dancing; let me see if it is all right.
[*Aside.*] She shan't spoil all my plans. The last time she danced I got enough to pay for all her dancing lessons in the last two years.
[*Hermine dances—stops suddenly.*]

Hermine. [With excitement.] O grandma, do not send me there tonight!

'Tis terrible; I cannot, cannot go.

Murray. You minx, we've got to have bread to eat and you're big enough to earn it; you've had a good supper and you've got to go. After wasting all this money on you, for you to turn around on me with your pert ways and—
[*Shaking her.*] you'll go if I have to drag you there. Now take that step again. [*Hermine dances, Murray watching in admiration.*] That will do very well; come, now, it's time to go. The people will be there before us, and all out of patience. [*Hermine pouts.*] Come, I tell you. [*Taking her hand roughly.*]

Hermine. I cannot go. I will not, grandma, never.
[*Stamping her foot. Murray drags her off the stage.*]

SCENE IV. WOODS IN PARAY. A SHRINE OF THE SACRED HEART ON AN EMINENCE IN CENTER OF BACKGROUND; BANK LEADING TO IT.—RUSTIC BENCHES HERE AND THERE.

Enter Hermine, panting.

Hermine. I am so weary and so frightened. O!

[*She moans.*]

I can't go one step farther. [*Sinks down.*]

Where's my crown?

Those bad boys must have stolen it when they

Were chasing me. O what a dreadful time

I've had since that last night I danced! How
fierce

And cruel grandma was! She dragged me there;

But when the dance was o'er I stole away

Wrapped in this ragged cloak, and ran and ran

Until far in the woods I saw a house

All, all alone. I just went in and slept

The whole night there; a pretty lamp, bright red,

Was burning, so I wasn't afraid a bit.

And then the next day and the next I begged

And slept in that old barn so frightened. O!

[*Moans.*]

Dear me! I think I'll die, I am so hungry.

[*Sits down, leaning against a stone. Singing of procession of pilgrims heard in the distance—"Cor Jesu, miserere nobis."* Hermine rises excitedly.]

The lovely music! Listen—[*Sings with them.*]

yes, I know—

They're going home. I came with them this morn-
ing

Just as the golden sun lit up the tree-tops.

O there were hundreds of them! Some had ban-
ners

Of red and gold—and O the lovely singing!

[*Listens.*]

I must go join them—[*Staggers.*] no—I cannot
walk—

What—[*Hand to head.*] is the matter?—I'll lie down awhile.

[*She lies down. A pause ensues; it grows darker gradually; she raises her head, leaning on her elbow.*]

It grows so dark. O gentle moon, come out
And let me see my way!—O must—I—die?

Alone [*Moans.*] so dark — [*Moonlight.*] O
lovely moon, I thank you!—

[*Looking toward shrine.*] What fairy spot is that?
how beautiful!

That sweet face!—Up this mossy bank I'll creep,
And lie there at His feet and die.

[*Creeps up the bank to right, and lies down, half falling through weakness. She sleeps.—Vision rises in the rear—Blessed Margaret Mary and Angels.*]

Hermine. [*In sleep.*] O beauteous Vision, speak to me! Am I

In Heaven?

Bd. M. Mary. Not yet in Heaven, dear suffering child;
But on the morrow all thy grief shall flee;
Joy and deliverance shall be thine.

SCENE V. THE SAME.—WOODS IN PARAY.

Lady Francesca and Maude enter—left front.

Lady Francesca. In this fair grove whose tangled verdure raises

Its tempting shelter, rest we, Maude, awhile.
'Tis early dawn; the sun hath not yet peeped
Above the eastern hills; a holy silence
Broods over nature; 'twill prepare our hearts
For morning Mass in Paray; go and pluck

The flowers whose fragrant broidery adorns
These mossy downs and dells.

Maude. 'Tis beautiful;
Sit, madame, on this rustic bench; the dew
Is sparkling here like diamonds and pearls;
I'll throw my shawl around thee, dearest lady.
[*Maude goes toward front culling flowers.*]

Lady Francesca. 'Tis strange—a heavenly odor fills the
air;
It steals my senses; 'tis enchanted ground;
It locks me in the chains of slumber.
[*Falls asleep.*]

Maude. [*Returning.*] Ah!
My lady sleeps. How sweet her smile! I'll walk
Among the woods and read till she awakes.
[*Walks toward front of stage, reading—goes off left.*
Vision rises to Lady Francesca sleeping.]

Lady Francesca. Celestial Spirits, come ye here to me?
Vision of light and joy, O welcome! Speak,
I conjure thee, O speak to me and bless me!

Bd. M. Mary. Today doth bring the end of all thy woe.
I am the herald of the Sacred Heart,
And peace and joy unutterable are thine.
Vision disappears; Maude re-enters with flowers;
walks around stage and sees Hermine.

Maude. O wondrous sight! a fairy, sure, or else
An angel. [*Approaches Hermine.*]

Hermine. [*Awaking.*] Where, O where is that sweet
vision?
[*Moaning.*] I—die!

Maude. The pretty darling! [*Frightened.*] Is she dead?

[*Goes toward Lady Francesca.*]

My lady, come—quick, quick, I fear she's dead.

Lady Francesca. [*Taking Hermine's hand.*] No, no, she is not dead, sweet child! [*Kissing her.*] Bring me

The cordial, *Maude.* [*Hermine drinks, looking at Lady Francesca earnestly.*]

Hermine. Who art thou—lovely—lady? [*Gasping.*]

I love thee so—I'd never—part from thee.
[*Draws her down, clasps her tightly and kisses her, then falls back exhausted, eyes closed.*]

Lady Francesca. We'll take her to the rustic bench, dear *Maude.*

[*They go slowly toward the bench. Lady Francesca places Hermine on it, and seating herself, lets the child's head rest upon her breast. Maude puts an orange to the mouth of the child, who looks at it admiringly.*]

Hermine. What is it? Isn't it pretty?—and so sweet!

Maude. An orange, pretty one; 'twill make you strong.

Enter in foreground Lady Anne Brackenburn, Sister Marie and Jeannette.

Lady Anne. Dame Nature hath put on her loveliest robes

To greet our coming; see! the King of Day
Is making all the orient to laugh;
The trees are full of singing birds; the flowers
Bloom here in wild luxuriance and fill

The ambient air with wondrous odors; sit
We here a while beneath the verdant roof
Of this secluded dell.

Sister. Yea, willingly;
The morn is glorious, and the modest town
Seems all astir to taste its sweet refreshment;
The pilgrims haste from all sides to the shrine
Of Marguerite, the pearl of dear Paray.
But look! some travelers are resting here
Upon that rustic seat.

*[Maude hears the sound of her voice, rises, and rushes
toward Sister Marie.]*

Maude. O Sister dear, how glad I am to see you!

Sister. My darling Maude—here in Paray? *[Em-
braces Lady Francesca.]* A sweet
Surprise, Francesca dear, that thou should'st meet
Me here in this blest spot, and all at peace.

Lady Francesca. Sweet Sister, how I've longed for
thee! My prayers

A bounteous Providence hath heard.

*[Hermine rises in a sitting posture, and looks with
curiosity at Sister Marie. Maude goes behind
bench and stands near Jeannette. Lady Anne,
struggling with her emotions, finally advances;
Lady Francesca arises—Hermine still clinging to
her—and they look each other full in the face.]*

Lady Francesca. *[Stretching out her arms toward
Lady Anne.]* My mother!

Lady Anne. *[Falling on her knees.]* My child, Fran-
cesca, pardon on my knees

I crave.

Lady Francesca. O rise, my mother! dear to me,

Forever dear thou art. May Heaven forgive
Me as I now forgive; the past is buried.

[*Both embrace.*]

Lady Anne. [*With deep emotion.*] Hermine!

Lady Francesca. [*Weeping.*] My darling!

Lady Anne. [*Caressing Hermine.*] And this little
angel—

Who is she, dear Francesca?

Lady Francesca. We found her dying in this lovely
dell

At His dear feet: the wine and food have called
Her back to life.

[*Lady Anne, kneeling, offers Hermine a glass of wine.
Hermine sips it, looking at Lady Anne with a
pleased smile.*]

Hermine. You are so beautiful, I love you, too.

Maude. I'll call a carriage, lady, and we'll take
The dear child home.

Hermine. [*Screams in agony.*] No—no; don't take me
back—[*She clings to Lady Francesca and
Lady Anne.*]

O lovely ladies, do not leave me! Save me—

O keep me here; I have no home on earth!

*Enter Elise and Meg, dragging Murray. Hermine
puts her hand over her face, shrieking.*

Hermine. That's grandma; O I'll run away again!

Murray. [*Loud voice and frightened.*] Let me go,
wretches; you've got Hermine at last.
[*Aside.*] O where shall I fly from Lady
Anne's wrath?

Elise. [*Keeping a firm hold of Murray.*] Hermine?
the lost is found—thank Heaven!

[*Hermine rises up, falls and is caught by Lady Anne,
who puts her in Lady Francesca's arms.*]

Lady Anne. Hermine, our blessed, blessed child! I
thank Thee,

O Lord, my God, all merciful! [*Embraces and
kisses Hermine. Lady Francesca presses the
child passionately to her heart, weeping for
joy.*]

Lady Francesca. Hermine—

My own, my precious one, forever mine!
O heavenly dream! Sweet herald of the Heart
Divine, Thy words of blissful prophecy
Are all fulfilled.

Hermine. [*Between Lady Francesca and Lady Anne,
with an arm around each.*] O darling, darling
mamma!

Did you, too, have that lovely, heavenly vision?
A beauteous lady came to me last night
With angels, and in sweetest tones she said
My grief would all be turned to joy today.

Sister Marie. [*Standing behind Hermine.*] Sweet
child of prayer, God has been good to us.

My dear Francesca, Heaven rains its joys:
My heart is all too full for utterance.

[*Murray, who has been looking on with sullen amaze-
ment, now struggles fiercely, held by Meg and
Elise.*]

Murray. Let me go, I implore you!

Meg. Not one step will you go from here: justice has

overtaken you, and you'll pay for your evil doings.

Lady Anne. My faithful Meg and valiant-souled Elise,

Come hither; share the joy for which you've toiled;

Leave her to God, whose judgments are most sure;
This is the hour of peace and joy and pardon.

Jeannette. [*Kneeling by Lady Anne.*] I cannot speak;
thou know'st my heart, dear lady.

[*Lady Anne caresses her and whispers.*]

Lady Francesca. Nay, pause not, dear Elise and Meg;
embrace

Our lost Hermine.

[*They loose their hold of Murray, who rushes off scene to left. Elise throws off disguise, and kneeling at Lady Francesca's feet kisses Hermine.*]

Lady Francesca. [*Embracing her with right hand.*]

My noble, true Elise!

[*Meg goes behind, and leaning over embraces Hermine.*]

Meg. Lady Anne, your wish is my law; but I think
Murray deserved something pretty near to hanging.

Lady Anne. Nay, Meg, Hermine is found. [*Presses her face against Hermine's.*]

Hermine. I am all well again, and O so happy!

Dear mamma and my own, *own* grandma, how

I love you: never shall we part again.

Sister Marie. O Sacred Heart! Thou hast these wonders wrought

To show us that Thy power and love are bound-
less;

After our weary waiting and our woe,
The sweet surprises of Thy Providence
Have thronged upon us in an hour. The lost
Is found here at Thy hallowed shrine; and here
Forgiveness and true reconciliation grow
As stately trees with arms protecting twined
Above this sweetest flower of human-kind.

Tableau. Curtain.

**HEARTS OF GOLD, TRUE
AND TRIED**

‘ ‘ ‘

A COLONIAL DRAMA

IN FIVE ACTS.

Persons of the Play.

Madame Carter, a middle-aged widow lady.

Philip Carter, her son, aged twenty.

Anne, daughter of Madame Carter, aged eighteen.

George, son of Madame Carter, aged sixteen.

Madame Burleigh, sister of Madame Carter.

Phoebe Adams, ward of Madame Burleigh.

Madame Barclay, a widow lady, neighbor of the Carters.

William Barclay, her son, aged twenty-two.

Eleanor Montrose, her niece, and the betrothed of Philip.

Father Richdale, a priest.

Sir Thomas Lovelace, a spy, disguised as Madame Bellefleur.

Mammy Julia, servant of Madame Carter.

Mammy Dinah, servant of Madame Barclay.

Abimelech Jeremiah, son of Julia.

Susannah, daughter of Julia.

Angels of the Dream.

HEARTS OF GOLD, TRUE AND TRIED

SCENE.—*In Carterville, Virginia.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Madame Carter's home in Virginia. A room handsomely furnished. Enter Madame Carter from right, reading a letter. As she advances toward front she reads aloud thoughtfully.*

Madame Carter. "And Colonel Washington, the hero of the French and Indian War, stood up and said: 'Hope of redress is past: 'tis time for action—we must fight: there's naught for us but independence or slavery; and I devote my life and fortune to our cause.'"

Must fight—or naught for us but slavery?

'Twas war that widowed me. My valiant Philip!

My tears will never cease till death shall seal

These eyes. [*Weeps, then recovers herself.*] My children, pledges of his love!

Father of orphans, help a mother's weakness!—

Heirs of his virtues' rich inheritance,

Enter Philip from rear—listens, moved.

Guide Thou their steps in triumph to the end!

Honor and valor like twin stars shine ever
Above them in the bending heavens, and lead
Their hearts to dare, their hands to do the deeds
That claim undying glory from a people.

[*She turns and starts as Philip advances.*]

Philip, my son, O is there naught can move
Thy laggard feet where Duty points the way?
Thy arms—thy belted sword—thy father's heart—
Where are they? Is't an hour when men should
shrink,

Grow pale and tremble at the cannon's sound?

Philip. Nay, mother mine, thou wrong'st me; coward
fear

Lives not in blood of thine, or his who gave
His emptied veins unto his country: vain,
All vain and cruel is this bootless strife.
Behold us—a poor, feeble people, struggling
For bare existence, without ships or arms—
No friends, no money for this wild emprise:
Naught but our lives—and shall we lay them
down

For this chimera, and our mothers leave,
Husbands their wives, their little helpless ones,
Shelterless, prey to savages and beasts?

Madame Carter. God is the widow and the orphan's
Father!

And if a man's blood dew the ground of freedom,
Thence it shall rise as sacrificial incense
Unto the throne of God, to plead for those
He loved, and shining clouds of angels bring
To guard the sanctuary of their home!

Philip. [*Troubled.*] I reverence thy lofty-thoughted
faith;

But to rebel against our lawful monarch—

*Enter in rear Anne Carter and Eleanor Montrose; they
listen.*

Madame Carter. [*Indignantly.*] Rebel against the op-
pressor's tyranny!

Against the chains already forged for us
And for our children! Happier to die,
Than trembling crouch beneath an iron heel.

Philip. But, mother mine, to spread our puny arms
Against the mightiest nation of the globe—
'Gainst the broad ocean covered with her fleets—
'Tis folly. Let these northern painted actors
That played their little drama on the sea,
Fill up the measure of their hardihood,
And spill their blood instead of England's tea
Upon the whelming waters of injustice:
The mocking waves hide many a wreck of men
And nations' folly—

Anne. Brother, mock not thou
The dauntless hearts that dared to do what God
And men approve—strike for the right!

Philip. [*Taking Eleanor's hand.*] Better
To pay the tax and keep our hearths in peace.

Eleanor. Nay, Philip, thou dost injure these brave lads.
A principle they fought for—sacred rights
Of men and subjects have been trampled on.

Philip. I stand rebuked—three ladies all against me.
I can but bow my colors [*Bows profoundly.*] to
your will.

Madame Carter. A truce to war in honor of our guest.

Philip. And, mother mine, I came to bear good tidings.

My cup of joy is full—this little hand

Is mine at last; and we would seek together

Our mother's blessing.

Madame Carter. [*Embracing Eleanor.*] Dearest child,
whom I

Have loved since from thy dying mother's arms

I saw thee borne a weeping babe. [*They kneel.*]

May all

The benedictions of high Heaven rest

On you and make your lives a path of peace

And sweetness growing to eternal day!

*Enter George Carter in excitement and panting for
breath, followed by Madame Burleigh.*

George. O mother, war—war has begun—the men

Are arming—there's a battle—fought in Con-
cord—

The British are defeated—[*Throwing up his cap.*]
sixty-five

Are dead—and nigh two hundred wounded—
and—

Madame Carter. Thank God! Thank God! the col-
onists despised,

Down-trodden, yet have Him to friend.

Madame Burleigh. [*Angrily.*] Maria,

Art thou a Christian woman and canst praise

The God of Heaven for such barbarity?

They are thy brethren, speak the self-same tongue,

And worship at one altar—yea, and more,

The servants of thy king, the good King George.

George. [*Twirling his cap.*] Let George and all his ministers beware!

They've raised a nest of hornets round their heads.

Eleanor. Our Patrick Henry was a prophet—he
Knew well those warlike preparations meant
To force us to submission—that her fleets
And armies came to bind and rivet on us
Old England's chains.

Anne. Henry, Hancock, and Adams!
O glorious trio, that our rising country
May well be proud of!

Madame Burleigh. [*Contemptuously.*] Three rank
traitors, rebels
Unto their lawful king.

George. [*Laughing.*] Ah, where art thou,
Mnemosyne, that this fair sister mine
Forgets my patron saint, the king of men,
The glory of our state, George Washington?

Madame Burleigh. The arch-traitor of them all—born
but to be
The ruin of our land.

Madame Carter. O sister, he
Shall be its savior in this perilous hour!
Thou know'st as I his tried, heroic virtue,
His magnanimity, his lofty principle,
His reverence for God, his love of country;
No less his gracious courtesy and kindness.
Ah, when my Philip fell, who stanch'd his blood,
And caught the last words from his dying lips
And wrote them in the dead of night to be
My comfort? [*Weeps.*]

Eleanor. Yea, his star shall rise in glory,
 And in the zenith shall outshine a thousand
 Pale lights of sceptered monarchs. [*Eleanor looks
 up into Philip's face; he presses into her hand
 a pearl rosary which, with a smile, she kisses.*]

George. Mother best
 And dearest, grant a boon, I pray.

Madame Carter. What would
 My wayward little son, to hunt, to sail—

George. [*Interrupting.*] Aye, aye, to hunt the foe from
 our loved land—

To sail proud England's fleets back to her waters.

Anne. O Philip, hear this child's pure madness!
 [*Turning to George.*] Thou?

Thou canst not hold a sword.

Madame Burleigh. Deluded one! [*Embracing him.*]
 Wilt thou be cut down in thy life's young flower?
 Perchance high on the scaffold hang a traitor?
 Hast thou no care for me—for us who love thee?
 Maria, bid him cease this folly. One
 Hath freely shed his heart's blood; 'tis enough.

George. Nay, for that father's sake whose blood within
 These veins still courses, mother, say the word
 That's music to my ears: "Go forth, my son,
 And fight for liberty."

[*Madame Carter turns aside with emotion.*]

Eleanor. [*Caressing him.*] What canst thou do?
 Thou know'st not the fierce hardships that beset
 The soldier's path—the storm of bullets round
 This dear young head—

George. [*Interrupting.*] Nay, what said Washington?

"I heard the bullets whistle and the sound
Was charming to my ears." I follow him,
And say in Patrick Henry's deathless words:
"O give me liberty or give me death!"

[Exit Philip abruptly.]

Madame Carter. [Embracing him.] Brave boy, how
dare I crush the lofty impulse
That calls thee to defend the shrine of Freedom?
Alas! perchance unto the lap of Death.
I see before me myriads of wrecks
Of young and ardent lives the years shall leave
In seas of blood, ere yet this mighty struggle
Shall end in Victory's brow-bound wreaths. Shalt
thou,
My patriot, then thy manhood full achieved,
Return to me among the glorious few,
Or shalt thou—

George. [Interrupting gaily.] Nay, no gloomy prophe-
cies,

My mother; *[Kneeling and kissing her hand.]*
bless me; *[She lays her hand upon his head.]*
yet I shall bring back

My father's name, covered a second time
With glory.

Enter Philip with belt and sword.

Philip. [Tenderly.] Thou, thou weakling boy, thy
place

Is here to guard our mother, not to follow
In van of armies. Mother, 'tis my right
To wield the sword; my father's yet is sharp
And it shall cleave its way unto the heart

Of many a foe if thou but belt it on. [*Madame Burleigh in background pleads excitedly with Anne, who looks with tense interest on the scene.*]

Madame Carter. [*Holding sword with Philip.*] God bless thee, son, my Philip! Thou hast redeemed

Thyself and conquered nobly.

George. [*Excitedly, laying his hand on the sword.*]
Join our hands,

My mother, for before high Heaven I pledge
My life-blood to my country's liberty.

Madame Burleigh. [*Rushing forward.*] They're mad
—all mad—what will become of us?

Madame Carter. [*Solemnly.*] Heaven bless and guard
my children!

May you pass

Unscathed, like Israel's children, thro' the fire!
Thro' you "the world's best garden be achieved,"
A heritage till time shall be no more
Of our posterity, a race of free men.

[*Taking the sword and raising it on high.*]

O God of Battles! consecrate this sword—
Let right and justice now prevail o'er might
And tyranny, who know'st success of war
Is not in multitudes of armed men,
But in the right arm of Thy holy strength.
Guard Thou our homes—the widow and the orphan—

And overthrow our foes before our face!

[*Turning to Eleanor and handing her the sword.*]

And now let Love gird on the hallowed sword.
Eleanor. [*Deeply moved, girds it on.*] My hero, may
 it be like Arthur's sword,
 Excalibur, or Charlemagne's Joyeuse,
 That thou unharmed amid a thousand frays
 Mayst lift it 'gainst our haughty enemy
 And bring it back in peace, a trophy crowned
 With fadeless laurels for our children's children.

Tableau—Curtain.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Madame Carter's garden. Julia
 and Dinah discovered in confidential talk.*

Julia. Po' lille Miss El'nor, she jes' cryin' dem eyes o'
 hern out; she done got lettah f'um Massa
 Philip an' she an' Missus locked deyselves up
 in de front room an' des' joyin' deyselves. He
 mos' sholy be cunnel o' gin'al some day.

Dinah. Dat's so: when I done look at dat angel o' his'n
 —I feel 'miration: she git so white when dey
 guv her de lettah, I thought she faint in her
 mammy's arms. An' she pray so—she luk
 like a hevumly seruph in de chapel wid dem
 beads in her han' dat Massa Philip guv her
 fo' he say good-by.

Julia. Missus feel mighty bad: she tole Massa Philip
 de day fo' de ball he couldn't nohow git con-
 jin'd in mattermony till aftuh he git back an'
 de wah's done over: den she have pow'ful big
 weddin' an' 'vite ev'y fambly in de col'ny.

Dinah. [*Laughing.*] Dey come ter dance de Miniet an' eat my weddin' cake.

Julia. Dat Minuret mighty peart dance; Massa Philup, he make de mos' hevumly bow.

[*Bows very low and stiffly.*]

Dinah. Mammy Jule, please fo' to ba'h in min' dat Massa Willum's des' as smart on his toes as any odder you knows; an'—Miss Anne—all de folks luk at her—des' as purty as a pictur'; but po' lille Miss El'nor she luk like de angels o' Hevum itself in dem curtsey's o' hern.

[*Makes a profound courtesy.*]

Julia. Yo' mos' sut'nly ben done pract'sin' dat cut'sy o' yourn, Dinah. Dah, now, les us do de Min-daret dance: I'se Massa Philup an' you' his'n lille sweetheart. [*They dance the Minuet extravagantly, laughing.*] We goin' git 'long mighty nice wid dem lo-ong steps.

[*Suits the action to the word.*]

Enter in rear Abimelech Jeremiah, followed by Susannah with baby in her arms.

Abim. Jeremiah. [*Laughing and gesticulating.*] Ha—ha—ha! Luk at Mammy! She dance de quadrille dat de qual'ty dance de odder night.

Susannah. [*Tossing the baby in her arms.*] Dey's havin' fun; les us git up one 'tween yo' an' I. [*Puts the baby on a bench with much ado, and they dance comically, imitating each step of Julia and Dinah. Baby cries; Susannah takes it up, shakes it, and slaps it down hard*]

on the seat.] Hush up, yo' pickaninny. [*Baby cries louder.*]

Julia. [*Turning.*] Abimelech Jeremiah, wat yo' two heah fo'? Go 'long home wi' dat po' chile.

Abim. Jeremiah. [*Capering and leading Susannah forward.*] Mammy, les us be Mas' Philup and Miss Anne, an' dance wid you' an' Mam' Dinah.

Dinah. Come 'long, yo' bressed chillum; les play de ball all over.

Julia. O Dinah, yo' de mos' 'ceptionable fool I never knew of.

Dinah. [*Laughing.*] Den de cap an' bells 'long on yo', too, Missy Jule—fo' yo' mos' sut'nly fus' begun ter use yo' legs.

[*The four dance Minuet extravagantly, singing a plantation song to the time of dance.*]

Susannah. [*Looking off stage.*] O 'Bimlech Jer'miah, dey's Miss Anne comin' up de walk, sho's my name's Susannah.

Julia. O God's mussy! she tink we all done gone crazy; [*Raising her voice.*] Abimelech Jeremiah, go home dis minut; an' Susannah, see yo' tuk ca' dat baby, an' keep 'way fum dese yere p'emises or I'll show yo' how hard dis han' is. [*Exeunt Julia and Dinah, left; the children go up the stage in haste, Susannah catching up the baby on the way, and meet Miss Anne entering from right, reading a newspaper. She gives each of them an apple, then goes forward and seats herself. They play and make humorous*

pantomimes in the background. Madame Burleigh appears, when, with gestures of fright, they run off precipitately.

Madame Burleigh. [Taking a seat by Anne.] There's news, but I have sought in vain to hear
The last despatches; yet I fear the British
Are losers; Bunker Hill was bad enough,
A slaughter, if a victory.

Anne. Ah, me!

Dear Auntie, that you will not love my hero,
Our great commander, General Washington.

Madame Burleigh. My child, I cannot tolerate a traitor.

If thou would'st but be ruled by me, and throw
Republican ideas to the winds,
I'd make a lovely English match for thee—
A noble—lands and money and a place
In court thy happy lot.

Anne. [Laughing merrily.] And all thy plans
That soar so high must fall to earth because
I am so lowly-minded. Dost thou think
The court is half so happy as our home?
And then—the—neighbors, too,—are pleasant.

Madame Burleigh. Yea,
The Barclays ever. But I must away;
A lady from old England comes this morn
I have not seen these many years.

Anne. Indeed?

And young and pretty, Aunt, or old and sad?

Madame Burleigh. Thyself shalt be the judge, so *au revoir.* [Exit.

Anne. [*Looking after her.*] I do distrust her, why I cannot say.

Enter William Barclay—bows low; Anne rises formally.

William. Good-morrow; 'tis a boon I had not dreamed To meet thee here. Wilt thou be seated, Anne?

'Tis pleasant here and I have much to tell thee.

Anne. [*Embarrassed.*] Nay,—I must go;—my duties—call me hence.

William. [*Taking her hand.*] And duty holds thee here; time presses now—

The troops are massing, and but two days hence I must depart. Thou know'st what I would ask; I love thee, and would have thee as my wife— Our union sealed by Holy Church ere yet I go—perhaps forever—from thy side.

Anne. Nay,—not forever, William;—[*Pausing and turning away a little.*] let me think—

William. [*Pleadingly; Anne listens with downcast eyes.*] Forget not, Anne, these years of deep devotion;

My thoughts have ever winged their way to thee; My life's best hopes are centered in thy love.

Wilt thou not crown my passionate desires?

Anne. And Madame Barclay—doth this meet her wishes?

William. Thou know'st my mother loved thee from a child,

And waits to clasp thee as her daughter.

Anne. [*Hesitating.*] But—

This haste:—I know not what to say.

William. Yet, dearest,

This haste is wrought of Providence. Not even
The sparrow—thou dost know the rest. Thy
hairs—

These beauteous hairs [*Caressing them.*] that
have enmeshed my heart—

Are numbered by His loving hand.—Thy mother
Gracious consent hath given, if I have thine.

Anne. Then, William, as thou wilt: my hand is thine.

William. [*Kneeling and kissing her hand.*] This lily
hand—O it shall consecrate

And bless my life with love and truth and beauty!

And dearest one, good Father Richdale stays

Three days at Carrollton, and thence will come

To seal us one forever. [*They walk off, right.*]

SCENE III.—*Enter Julia and Dinah from left
with sewing.*

Julia. [*With hushed voice and laughing.*] Dinah,
honey, whar Missus Burleigh?

Dinah. Wha' fo' yo' ax me, honey? Yo' think I go
roun' countin' her steps all de day?

Julia. [*Significantly.*] I knows mor'n yo'. She done
gone down de garden wid some'un; luk like
as if she done wan' nobody see 'um. Mighty
quare!

Dinah. O Mammy Jule, yo' de mos' deceivin'dest
woman I never did see. Des' some old frien'
o' de fambly, I reckon. Yo' allus suspicionin'
on po' ole Auntie Burleigh.

Julia. [*Holding her needle.*] Ef des one thing out er

God's world I do nachully hate an' mos' notorously 'bominate wuss'n a rattlesnake in de grass, it be one o' dem English tories. Dey say des a considabul o' dem spies a trabblin' fro' de land. I des went six foot away fum Missus, an' fo' de Lawd, she gimme one luk dat friz de blood in dese yere veins, an' I run mighty quick, I kin tell yer.

Dinah. [*Frightened.*] Heah dey come, honey Julia.

Julia. [*Pushing her off, right.*] Les git a mild away, fo' she see us. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The same. Enter Madame Burleigh, and Sir Thomas Lovelace disguised as Madame Bellefleur.*

Madame Burleigh. [*Sweetly.*] I have the papers and the charts, Sir Thomas,

And this spot is secure from prying eyes;
So sit we here. And while we need much leisure,
Haste urges and will mar our plans, perhaps.

Sir Thomas. [*Looking over papers.*] These, then, are chief of all the nests of rebels

That line the Chesapeake and its near streams.

Madame Burleigh. [*Troubled.*] Yea, but recall—thy solemn pledge is given

That none of mine shall suffer harm or loss?

Sir Thomas. A soldier's oath is binding unto death.

I shall protect your interests as mine own;
Your fields shall not be spoiled—nor relative
Nor friend be wronged in person or estate.

Fear not: my word is pledged.—These, then, are rich,

And England needs a flood of treasure now.

Madame Burleigh. But—you—you will not take them prisoners?

Sir Thomas. We cannot prophesy when the war-god rules.

Madame Burleigh. Nay, promise. [*Aside.*] O how can I do this thing?

Enter Phoebe Adams in traveling suit.

Phoebe. [*Embracing Madame Burleigh.*] O madame dearest, what delight to be

With thee again. [*Sir Thomas rises, goes to left in an ecstasy of admiration.*] I've longed to see thy face

Each day these three long months I've been away.

Madame Burleigh. And I have missed thee, too, my little sunbeam;

So many things have happened to make us sad,
Perplexed and miserable.

Phoebe. Ah, but now

I'll bring the roses back into thy cheeks,

[*Rubbing them.*]

And we shall ride and sail and read of nights.

But I crave pardon, madame. May I greet

Thy friend? For thine are ever dear to me.

Madame Burleigh. [*Embarrassed.*] My ward, Miss Adams; Mr. [*Hesitates, corrects herself.*]

Mrs. Lovelace.

Sir Thomas. [*Smiling.*] Madame Bellefleur—you know I've married since

You met me last. [*Bows to Phoebe.*] I am indeed
most honored

To meet so lovely and so sweet a bud
Of this young land's fair garden. Thou dost
grace

Nature herself with thy pure early bloom.

Phoebe. [*Pleased and smiling.*] I thank you, madame,
but I fear you flatter.

I'm but a simple maiden just from school.

Sir Thomas. The innocent are ever beautiful.

[*Madame B. talks aside with Phoebe—tries
to induce her to go away.*]

Sir Thomas. [*Aside.*] What shall I say? O desperate
disguise!

For love has captured me with her bright eyes.

Madame Burleigh. My dear, [*Kissing her and trying
to lead her away.*] we're talking of the good
old times

In England, [*Sir Thomas shrugs his shoulders.*]
when we both were young and played

In the ancestral halls. We've much to say,
And—you will wait us on the porch?

Phoebe. [*Pettishly.*] Dear madame knows I love the
good old times

And have a bump of curiosity
That's out of all proportion with my size
Diminutive.

Sir Thomas. Ah, maiden fair, *petite*,
That bump is but a little nest where birds
Fly in and out and tell you many secrets.

Madame Burleigh. [*Anxiously but sweetly.*] Dear Phoebe, you shall hear another time.

Phoebe. [*Laughing.*] And I perforce must lose the sweet romance,

And tales of rivals and the glorious scenes
Of court and castle, and the dancers gay
That charmed night's dazzling hours too soon
away.

[*Sir Thomas approaches her with glowing face. Madame B. takes her hand and leads her away by force, Phoebe looking back and meeting Sir Thomas' admiring gaze; he continues to look off the stage absently until Madame Burleigh's return.*]

Madame Burleigh. [*Out of breath.*] Thank goodness!
[*Touches Sir Thomas' arm.*] Let us haste,
Sir Thomas, now;

Here is the chart—a perfect one.

Sir Thomas. [*Absently.*] Yes, yes,—
Your ward is charming: yet I have not seen
A maid who has so moved me.

Madame Burleigh. Yes, she's fair,
And rich as lovely, heiress to estates
That stretch for miles in wooded valleys.

Sir Thomas. [*Goes to left—aside.*] Would I could
tear away this vile disguise,
And see her in my native character.

Madame Burleigh. [*Approaching him.*] I hear a
sound, Sir Thomas; there is danger
For both if we should be discovered. Look!

[*Showing chart.*]

I fear this is the last time I shall see you.

Sir Thomas. [*Earnestly.*] You will not fail me, now,
madame? [*Hands her to a bench and sits
beside her.*] My hopes

Are in your help. [*Concentrating his mind.*]
Along the left bank here

*Enter Phoebe roguishly in rear; advances,
listening with intense and excited interest.*

We sail by night secure to Baltimore;
And ere the morn hath dawned or stars have set
Our shells shall fire the treacherous city.

Madame Burleigh. [*Starting up.*] Shell?

Shell Baltimore? [*Snatching chart and papers and
tearing them to pieces.*] O God, forgive my
crime!

Take back thy gold—[*Throwing purse on bench.*]
it burns my sinful fingers.

Phoebe. [*Coming forward to center.*] Madame, what
hast thou done?

Madame Burleigh. [*Averting her face.*] O Phoebe,
Phoebe,

Spare me, reproach me not! [*Aside to Sir
Thomas.*] Flee, flee thou hence,

Sir Thomas, quick, I charge thee!

[*He stands gazing on Phoebe.*]

Phoebe. [*With intense scorn.*] Thou—a spy?

O 'neath a woman's garb—how pitiful!

Thou shalt not 'scape, for I—[*She turns swiftly;
Sir Thomas strides forward and takes her
hand.*]

Sir Thomas. [*Gently.*] Nay, maiden fair,

A whistle, and a guard is here at once:—

I go from thee with pain, for ne'er till now
Have I seen woman like to thee.

Madame Burleigh. [*Leading her away.*] My Phoebe,
Haste from this place; come in at once. [*To Sir
Thomas hurriedly.*] Farewell!

[*Sir Thomas still gazes after Phoebe; in a moment she
returns with pleading look—stands at a distance
from him.*]

Phoebe. If thou hast ne'er—seen woman—like to me—
Grant me one prayer.

Sir Thomas. Aught thou wilt ask, I swear,
Fair lady.

Phoebe. [*With emotion.*] O then, let all that thou hast
heard from her

Lie in oblivion's grave, and never rise
To tempt thee to the harm of my dear country!

Sir Thomas. [*Kneeling.*] I pledge my honor and my
word to thee.

Phoebe. [*Solemnly raising and extending her hand
toward him.*] So may God bless thee as thou
keep'st thy word!

Curtain.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Madame Barclay's home. A
room handsomely furnished. Desk left; table
near center, on it a violin. Eleanor is discov-
ered watering a plant. She pauses, takes a
picture from table and looks at it with emo-
tion.*

Eleanor. Three years away—what weary years of anguish,

Of hope and fear! While we poor women pray,
Our heroes suffer cold and hunger, sickness,—
Hardships that make our hearts bleed at the hear-
ing:

Princeton and Valley Forge—the Delaware—
'Tis terrible! O God most merciful,
Bring Thou these horrors to an end! Yet how
Have I deserved that He should guard my Philip
From touch of steel or cannon's charge? He bears,
They say, a charmed life; and while red Death
Mows down the young and brave beside him, he
Wields still his sword Excalibur, unhurt.

Enter Madame Barclay and Anne.

Madame Barclay. Anne brings us news from William
and from George:

Good tidings, little one.

Anne. [*With open letter; kisses Eleanor.*] Your
Philip's colonel,

And George has won a corporal's cap.

Eleanor. [*Joyously.*] Great news!

What joy to know their valor is rewarded!

And William? He is major, sure, or captain.

Anne. [*Laughing.*] Yes, he is captain of a valiant
band:

Has had a graze or two, and—chilblains:—

The outlook's bright, and France is sending help.

Read it, my dear. [*Handing her the letter.*]

Eleanor. Our Washington has gained
A victory at Monmouth, Auntie, for

The foe stole off 'neath cover of the night.

[*Rising.*]

And our great General's praise of your brave
William

And Philip pours a balm upon my heart. [*Reads.*]

"Their feats of skill and valor went beyond
Old soldiers' high achievements, and demand
A swift promotion in the ranks of honor."

O what a triumph for us all!

Anne. And look: [*Showing another letter.*]

See George's postscript: "General Lee so blundered

We almost lost the battle; but our glory,
Our Washington, came up and saved us: now
Is Lee so haughty and incensed that he,
'Tis feared, will leave the army; 'tis a blow
To our great General and loss to all."

Eleanor. Anger and pride in such an hour? Division

When fate of millions in the balance hangs?

Disunion from a chief like Washington?

Vindictiveness is base and demon-like:

Pray God its serpent's fangs not enter there,

Where peace and love should reign and guide our
councils!

Madame Barclay. [*Garessing her.*] Thou'rt ever like
thyself, my Eleanor;

[*Anne prepares to write a letter; seats herself at desk.*]

And now my daughter's answering her beloved,
Touch thou thy violin to martial music
And bear our spirits to the field of Mars.

Eleanor. Nay, Aunt, my heart is chorded with Grief's strings

Today; with every joy-note comes a minor—

A tone of fear that moans thro' all its rapture.

Madame Barclay. [*Soothingly.*] Then play a dream—
prière, romance—your choice,

That shall most sweetly soothe my soul to prayer.

Eleanor. Or charm thine eyes to slumber with its drear
And tender monotone. [*To herself.*] What shall
I play? [*Rises and fingers the strings; tunes the violin.*]

Madame Barclay. Nay, dearest, sit thee here; [*Eleanor seats herself center.*] thou'rt overwatched

And tired with praying for thy Philip dear:

I saw thee rise last night and kneel an hour.

Eleanor. [*Playfully.*] O Auntie, who'd have thought
that thou could'st pry

Into my slumber hours? Belike *thou'rt* guilty

Of shortening life by fleeing gentle sleep.

Eleanor plays a dreamlike melody; Madame B. sits at right, sewing; Anne writing, occasionally directing her glance toward Eleanor. Music grows fainter and Eleanor falls asleep holding violin; bow drops to the ground.

Madame Barclay. [*Softly and rising.*] Ah, sweet musician, rosy Sleep hath charmed

Thy eyelids to the fairy bowers of dreamland:

[*She picks up the bow.*]

If thou dost move thy instrument will fall;

I'll take it from thee. [*Taking the violin, she lays*

it gently on the table; caresses Eleanor, passing her hand over her hair and pressing a kiss on her forehead, then seats herself at left with sewing, her back to Eleanor. Soft heavenly music begins, and Eleanor smiles in her sleep. Presently Madame B. folds her sewing, takes her rosary and prays, and Anne holds her pen and looks as if absorbed and far away. Both are unconscious of the vision which follows, and remain throughout with their backs toward Eleanor. Anne tries to write now and again, but pauses, leaning her forehead lightly on her hands; as the emotion deepens she assumes an attitude of prayer.

Soft calcium lights are thrown upon the scene. Enter four Angels from rear center, clad in white, with gold circlets on their heads, the forward pair bearing, the one on the right a Cross, the one on the left a Lily. The two in the rear hold on high between them a beautiful golden crown, while in the free hand each bears a palm. They advance with slow, solemn dance step and graceful motions; when near Eleanor, those in the rear, pause, holding the crown directly over her head, while the two in front advance and congee to the sleeper, who leans forward smiling with joy; then these move a little to one side, right and left as before, and fixing a loving gaze upon Eleanor, the right-hand Angel holds forth to her view the Cross, at which

Eleanor takes on a look of intense pain; he withdraws it, and the left Angel holds forth the Lily for her acceptance, but Eleanor averts her face in great grief and makes a slow gesture of repulsion. Both Angels then turn front, raising their eyes and hands toward Heaven in prayer, while the rear Angels softly trip forward and hold the crown and palm to her gaze a few seconds; Eleanor leans forward, clasping her hands in ecstatic joy, and they, with eyes toward Heaven, dance backward and continue holding the crown above her head. Now the front right Angel turns toward her, again holding out the Cross; and Eleanor, with a look of heavenly resignation, reaches out her right hand toward it. The left Angel displays the Lily, and a rapt smile illumines her face as she extends her left hand as if to accept it. The Angels, smiling, with eyes fixed heavenward, go backward with graceful step and motions and disappear.

Eleanor falls back slowly in her chair; the smile dies away, and she sobs and moans in her sleep.]

Eleanor. [Still asleep.] O Auntie! [Sobs.] Auntie! [Madame B. starts up and puts her arm around her. Anne turns frightened from her writing.] Oh, I've had a dream!

O Auntie—Anne—I've had a dreadful dream!

Anne. [Trying to conceal her emotion.] A nightmare, darling. Dreams are nothing. Wake up,

And think your Philip is a colonel.

Eleanor. [*Sadly.*]

Ah,

Something is going to happen—some great sorrow,
I know not what, dear Aunt. [*Sinks back into the chair.*]

Madame Barclay.

Come, little one,

Put on thy sweetest smiles and loveliness,

For Madame Carter will be here anon,

To tell, no doubt, that she has word from Philip.

Enter Dinah from left.

Dinah. Missus, I seed Missus Carter over on de med-dur wid Mammy Julia. She mos' sholy stay fuh dinner. What we gwine ter hab? Abim'lech Jer'miah [*Enter Abim. Jeremiah in rear*] he done caught two 'possums, an' dey purty big an' 'licious—an' she lub 'em—an' Miss El'nor, too; [*Patting her cheek.*] don't yer, now, honey?

Enter Susannah—stands laughing with Abim. Jeremiah.

Madame Barclay. Do what you please, good Dinah; use your skill and we shall give our guest a royal feast, and celebrate our absent soldiers' triumphs.

Eleanor. And bring the grand old silver out, and mother's cut glass that's nigh a century old.

Dinah. Des yo' heah young missus—he—he—he! O de table shine lak kings' when dey 'vite all de royumty of Europe. [*Pushes Susannah out, Susannah pushing Abim. Jeremiah before them, procession-like.*]

Dinah. [*Starting back at the door.*] O de Lawd o' mussy! heah Missus Carter; [*Makes a low courtesy.*] 'mornin', Missus. [*Exit.*]

Enter Madame Carter, panting. All hasten to greet her; Anne places chair.

Eleanor. What joy your visit brings us!

Madame Barclay. Yes, a day

Of happiness to all.

Anne. Dear mother, you

Are tired and flushed.

Madame Carter. Yes, flushed with pride and pleasure.

I have a letter, Eleanor, Anne, from Philip.

Madame Barclay. [*Seating herself by her guest.*] And we have letters, too, dear madame; read.

[*Anne hands her the letters.*]

Madame Carter. Ah, then, my news is stale by one half hour.

You know the secret, then, of his new honors.

[*Holding out letter to Eleanor.*]

Enter Dinah with refreshments.

Eleanor. Yes, glorious for him and you, his mother.

Anne. And George and William share his honors, see.

[*Taking letters gently from her mother's hand and opening them.*]

Eleanor. [*Reads, Anne looking over her shoulder.*]

Ah, Washington, the high-souled, he knows how To recompense the brave.

[*They read in silence a few seconds.*]

Enter hurriedly Madame Burleigh and Phoebe.

Madame Burleigh. [*To Madame Carter.*] Sister, you scarce had left the house when papers

Were brought [*Hesitates.*] and we—in haste have
—followed you;

[*She opens the paper with trembling hands—
Phoebe walks aside.*]

I cannot read it. Phoebe! Oh! [*Hands paper to
Phoebe and rushes to a chair sobbing. Eleanor
snatches paper.*]

Eleanor. [*Excited.*] My dream!

Oh, Philip's wounded unto death.

[*Falls back in chair—drops paper.*]

Madame Burleigh. [*In loud voice and sobbing.*] O
grief!

I told you so—I told you so.—And George—

Anne. [*With frightened voice.*] Give me the paper.

[*Reads tremblingly.*] William — William's
dead—

O God! [*She faints; much weeping and sobbing.
Mammy Julia supports Anne; Phoebe brings
glass of water and bathes her head or chafes
her hands. Eleanor, strong, forgets herself
and consoles Madames Carter and Barclay.*]

*Enter Dinah, excited—pauses, looks around, and then
laughs hysterically. They look at her in wonder.*

Julia. [*In loud whisper.*] Shut up yo' fool laugh, Di-
nah. Don't yer see dis de house of mo'nin'?

Dinah. [*Shaking her hands excitedly and laughing ner-
vously.*] Fo' de Lord, Massa Philip's dere,
comin' up de walk.

Madame Carter. [*Dazed.*] Philip? [*Each one echoes
her word except Eleanor.*]

Eleanor. Are you crazy, Dinah? [*Runs to background,*

where enter Philip, arm in sling; Eleanor falls into his arms weeping—he leads her up to front. Madame Burleigh stands speechless.]

Philip. [Embracing his mother with emotion.]

Mother, my Eleanor and Anne, what's happened,

You all have tears for welcome?

Madame Carter. [Sobbing.] We had heard

That you were wounded unto death.

Anne. [Coming to herself.] Where am I?

What is't has happened?—William's dead! Oh!

[Sobbing.]

Philip. [Kissing her.] Dead?

William? Why, Anne, he grasped my hand at parting

And wished his arm or leg were wounded, so

Himself might get a three days' furlough off.

Madame Barclay. [Kneeling with clasped hands.] My

God, I thank Thee!

Anne. [Incredulously.] Is it true,—true, Philip?

Philip. As true as that he loves you, and that you're

His little wife.

[Anne embraces Madame Barclay—they talk aside.]

Madame Burleigh. [Her arm around Philip.] And

our dear foolish George

Is taken prisoner, dying of starvation—

Perhaps he's shot, or hanging on a scaffold—

Philip. [Interrupting.] Not he, dear Auntie mine; he

lay one day

In a vile prison ship—[*Laughing.*] but some
brave Briton,

A colonel of some influence, who said
He knew our place and had been here, pleaded
His youth and he was instantly released.

Madame Carter. [*Moved.*] My son, give me that
colonel's name that I

May put it in my prayers.

Philip. His name, I think, [*Madame Bur-*
leigh leans forward intensely excited.]

Was Lovelace—yes, Sir Thomas Lovelace.

[*Phoebe exchanges glances with Madame B.,*
who presses her hand.]

Madame Carter. I

Have never heard that name. Belike some friend
Of your dead father's.

Philip. But George says this man
Is young and handsome. And he played the host
Most like a father—led him to his tent,
And after some two hours of pleasant converse,
Sent him to us in charge of his own guard.

[*Anne and Madame Carter converse aside.*]

Eleanor. But your poor arm, dear Philip?

What torture you have suffered!

[*All show sympathy.*]

Philip. [*Laughing lightly.*] Nay, 'tis naught—

A scratch: I'll fight the British in a week.

[*Drawing out his sword.*]

Eleanor. [*Kissing sword.*] O dear Excalibur! shine
thou with hope

And fail not! [*Playfully shaking her finger at it.*]

Guard thy knight unto the end!

[*Eleanor talks aside, center, with Philip;*

Madame Carter presently joins them;

Anne with Madame Barclay, right.]

Madame Burleigh. [*Left, aside to Phoebe, whose hand she clutches convulsively.*] O Phoebe, comfort my o'erburdened soul!

My name will be a black memorial

Of infamy to all.

Phoebe. [*Tenderly.*] O never, madame;

They know naught of thy sin.

Madame Burleigh. I writhe in torture—

Lovelace will secret be unto the jaws

Of death; he's noble, see—he saved our George.

O Phoebe, pledge your solemn word to me—

So God may help you at your hour of need,

That never shall my crime escape your lips.

Phoebe. [*Pressing her hand between her own.*] I

pledge my love—that's stronger far—my lips

Shall never ope except to bless and praise

My kindest friend on earth.

Madame Burleigh. [*Overcome with emotion.*] God bless thee, angel!

[*Exit Madame B.; Philip approaches Phoebe—*
they talk aside.]

Enter Dinah.

Dinah. [*Aside to Anne.*] De dinnah um waitin'; it be stun col', honey.

Julia. [*To Anne.*] Massa Philip, he gittin' pale; he

goin' faint luk yo' in dese yere arms. 'Pears to me he starved.

Dinah. Yes'um, I mos' sholy knows dey don' hev nuffin' to eat in dem camps o' our'n. Dem Britishers dey gobble up ev'ying.

[Anne speaks aside to Madame Barclay.

Susannah runs in—hides behind Julia.]

Susannah. *[In loud and excited whisper.]* Massa Philip, he goin' eat 'Bim'lech Jur'miah's two 'possums—he! he! he! won't he be glad! *[Runs off the stage.]*

Madame Barclay. *[Approaching center.]* Now to our homelike feast of thanksgiving

With all my heart's best welcome. With Macbeth,

"Now good digestion wait on appetite,

And health on both." And our brave Colonel Philip

Our toasts shall challenge in the oldest Port.

Eleanor. *[Smiling.]* And we shall hear his tales of chivalry,

The deeds of this, his terrible right arm—

Of midnight raids—and, best of all, unto

Our woman's ears, heroic sacrifices

By maids and matrons for our glorious cause.

Madame Carter. And Washington's resplendent virtues told

By thee shall lift us to the starry spheres.

Philip. *[Joyously.]* 'Twill be "a feast of reason and a flow

Of soul," while I shall hear *our* maids and matrons

Breathe their own patriotism in my heart,
And tell me all the news of Carterville.
Oh, not a shadow float above these hours
To mar their fleeting, sovereign happiness!

Tableau—Curtain.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Madame Carter's home. Elegantly furnished room; table right center, on which Philip's sword is lying. Madame Carter weeping; Father Richdale seated near her.*

Madame Carter. I thank thee, Father, for thy gentle comfort.

My boy went forth to die—but yet 'tis bitter;
[*Lifting the sword reverently.*]

He bore his father's sword that had begun
To cleave the way for Freedom's mighty coming.
Father Richdale. Twice blessed with heroes' blood, it
hath returned

A priceless relic for your heirs to come.

Madame Carter. We thought with our great double
victory

At Yorktown and the Chesapeake, the war
Was well nigh ended; and Hope fed my heart
Daily with sight of him; now, crushing blow!
My Philip's fallen, not by enemy's sword,
But by a careless accident in camp. [*Weeps.*]

Father Richdale. The more mysterious the ways of
God

The more they claim our reverence, good madame.

Enter Eleanor in background. She pauses irresolute.

Madame Carter. His gentle Eleanor so proudly girt
The sword upon her hero.

[*Eleanor advances slowly.*]

Thou must break
This sorrow unto her. [*Rising.*] She comes —
I must

Away.

Eleanor. [*Pausing.*] Ah, weeping, madame? What
hath chanced?

Madame Carter. [*With effort.*] My dearest, haste
and greet good Father Richdale. [*Exit.*

Eleanor. Thou'rt welcome, Father mine. I pray
[*Kneels.*] thy blessing.

Father Richdale. [*Rising.*] The Almighty Father,
power divine, the Son,

The Holy Ghost, the Comforter, bless thee,
My dearest child, with all their threefold gifts.

[*Eleanor, rising, gazes on the table; raises the
sword—turns toward priest uncompre-
hending.*]

Eleanor. Father,—my Philip's sword? — Excalibur?
[*He looks away.*]

Oh,—tell me not—he is not dead?

Father Richdale. [*Approaching her and laying his
hand on her shoulder.*] Poor child!

Wilt thou not bow unto God's will?

Eleanor. [*Dazed and sobbing.*] Dead, Father?

Father Richdale. [*With emotion.*] Yea, child, he died
a hero.

Eleanor. [*Perplexed—unnatural voice.*] Dead? Nay,
nay,

It cannot be; unsay the words, my Father!
Father Richdale. Alas! 'tis true, dear child. 'Tis grief
 on grief

Unto his mother, yet she bears it bravely.

Eleanor. [*Sobbing.*] Where can I comfort find? Life
 was so sweet—

A path of flowers to walk with him the way
 To Heaven.—And now all's dark. Oh, who will
 light
 My way?

*Enter Madame Carter in background. Listens with
 emotion.*

Father Richdale. He who hath cast the shadow o'er
 Thy path.—He who hath wounded heals the heart.

Eleanor. [*Drawing sword from sheath.*] O sacred
 sword, hast thou come back without
 Thy master?—Then behold, all earthly ties
 I cut.—Sorrow shall be my only spouse.

[*Madame Carter advances.*]

Father Richdale. My child, be comforted: he died a
 victor.

The end at hand—the wreath of glory his,
 He died just as fair Freedom's chains fell off,
 And she all clad in beauty walked our hills.

Eleanor. [*Turning and leaning on Madame Carter's
 shoulder.*] Madame, my dream! I told it
 thee.—The Cross [*Weeps.*]

Hath come to me:—I kissed it in my dream.

An Angel brought it, Father.

Father Richdale. [*Moved.*] Ah, my child,
 Kiss it with love. Thy Saviour brings it now.

Eleanor. [*Perplexed.*] But, Father mine, another
beauteous Angel

A Lily brought, and in my dream I pressed
It to my heart. Canst thou interpret dreams,
My Father? Say, what did it mean?

Father Richdale. [*Hesitating.*] Perchance
My child, since thou hast ever been a lily,
Sending its fragrant purity to God,
He asks the Lily of virginity.

Eleanor. [*Fervently.*] And He shall have it. There
is naught—

Madame Carter. [*Taking her hand.*] My child,
Make no rash promise in thy grief. Let's bear
Our loss together like brave women. Father,
I leave her to your tender ministry. [*Exit.*

[*Eleanor stands gazing on the sword, puts her
hand to her head as if trying to realize her
loss, then turns to Father Richdale.*]

Eleanor. Come, Father, down the garden; speak to me;
My heart is dumb; and all the world seems dead.
[*Exeunt, right.*

SCENE II.—*The same.* Enter Anne with
open letter, weeping; advances toward table.

Enter Madame Burleigh, left.

Anne. O Philip darling! [*Sobs.*] My brave brother
gone?

Madame Burleigh. Yes, this accursed war is killing all
our noble boys. My handsome Philip! If he
had only listened to me, he would be here
today.

Anne. [*Choked with sobs.*] O Auntie, an early and glorious death is better than a cowardly life.

Madame Burleigh. We needed Philip—splendid, manly fellow—my generous god-child. Oh, I shall go mad! [*Runs out, right.*]

Enter Julia from left.

Julia. O Miss Anne, de lille boy wot I nussed—he gone forebber! Oh—oh—oh! I can't stan' it. No such young gelman in de col'ny. Oh, he de sunshine an' light ob his po' Mammy Julia's eyes. Oh! Oh! [*Covers her face with her apron and sobs aloud.*]

Anne. [*Soothingly.*] Yes, mammy, we all have sweet memories of him; every one on the estate is in grief today.

Julia. Yo' bar up wonderful, honey, an' yo' his own brudder, too.

Anne. Oh, Mammy Julia, it's hard—hard.

[*Exit, weeping.*]

Julia. [*Falling into a chair and rocking to and fro.*] O Massa Philup!—O Massa Philup!

Enter Dinah, weeping.

Dinah. [*Seating herself.*] Yo' tink dey bring Massa Philup's body home, Julia?

Julia. Cose not; we nebber [*Sobs.*] see his bressed face again; [*Rocks to and fro.*] Missus nebber git no mo' wuk out o' my Sambo; he jes' a layin' out dere on de flo' an' cryin' an' bawlin' fuh Massa Philup.

Dinah. [*Wiping her eyes.*] I nebber did see de nig-

gahs so wild; when his pa died dey no wuss.
Who will tuk care o' de tings now?

Julia. Missus Burleigh los' her bes' frien'. I seed
Massa Philip guv her de lille puss o' gold
many's a time.

Dinah. Po' lille Miss El'nor! She die o' 'sumption
shore.

Julia. An' po' lille George—all alone 'mong dem sav-
ages and English tories.

Dinah. An' all de pickaninnies dey jes' lub him,
[*Sobs.*] an' Massa Philip so good ter 'em—
an' ter us all. Oh—oh! [*Crying.*]

Julia. [*Looking off stage to rear, right.*] Heah come
po' Missus. [*Both rise.*]

Dinah. [*Softly.*] Les' us jes' git out quiet, lak as if
nuffin happened. Po' Missus! her heart done
broke. [*Exeunt together, right, sobbing—
aprons to their faces and shoulders to the
audience.*]

*Enter Madame Carter (before they have disappeared),
rear left, with face rigid and eyes fixed in anguish;
walks slowly toward front—pauses half way with
hands clinched by her side in agony.*

Madame Carter. [*With lofty and repressed grief.*] A
mother—[*Advances, gazes at sword.*] must
battle [*Half sob.*] with grief—[*More and
more tense and clasping her hands, her eyes
raised heavenward.*] alone—with God. [*The
last words with great anguish, throwing her-
self on her knees, her clasped hands falling on
the sword and her head resting on them.*]

Curtain.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Room in Madame Carter's home. Enter George and Phoebe, right; advance to front center, talking, Madame Burleigh following.*

George. My little Phoebe, 'tis so good to see
Your sweet face once again in added beauty.

Phoebe. [*Eyes downcast.*] You flatterer! We missed
you sadly, too;

And Philip dear. Alas, poor Eleanor!

George. [*Thoughtfully.*] So strange, mysterious a dis-
pensation!

He seemed to bear a charmed life in battle—

Phoebe. [*Interrupting.*] 'Twas Prayer that wove a
net of magic round him.

George. 'Tis true, for thro' the war but one slight
wound

In his left arm he suffered. 'Twas a shell
That burst [*Madame Burleigh shudders.*] a
little space from where he stood,

An accident—just as he heard Cornwallis
Had yielded up his sword, his troops, his fleets
To Washington—the final victory.

Madame Burleigh. [*Sobbing.*] Your mother's heart is
broken—for you know

She urged and goaded him to battle.

George. Mother

Weeps still, dear Aunt, 'tis true. How could she
help it

For such a son as Philip? But her pride

In his high courage and undying fame
Is now her comfort.

Phoebe. Yea, when first she met you,
So long, long sundered from her side, and Philip
Was your most princely theme, I noted well
As each quick tear coursed down your mother's
cheek,
How joy in Philip's glory dried it. And
A smile of heavenly beauty lit her face.

Madame Burleigh. George, Phoebe, do employ your
best persuasion
To draw poor Eleanor Montrose from her folly:
Long time hath passed since Philip went to
Heaven,
And yet she broods and prays each livelong day;
She surely cannot sorrow like your mother,
Who hides it always 'neath a cheerful face.

*Enter Eleanor, pearl rosary in hand, with Madame
Carter.*

Phoebe. [*Impetuously.*] Our Eleanor is a girl of com-
mon sense
As well as piety; she never will
Immure herself within a nunnery. [*Phoebe places
chair for Madame Carter, while Eleanor
greets George.*]

Eleanor. George dearest, welcome home! A thousand
thousand

Welcomes—although our joy is bathed in tears.

George. [*Tenderly.*] Yes, Eleanor, when we think of
one whose heart
Had bounded at this glad reunion.

Eleanor.

George,

Thou'lt speak to me of him another time.

Mar not the day's joy. Speak of Washington.

George. [With glowing face.] Great theme! I would
you could have seen and known

Our Washington. Oh, there in Valley Forge

His heart was wrung; and I have seen him go

Out to the silent forest and there kneel

Choked with emotion, praying for his country.

Madame Carter. 'Twas well for us we had a General
Who prayed and put his trust in God.

George.

One night

We sat in camp, our General told us stories

Of his good mother, [*Caressing Madame Carter.*]

Mary Washington,

That thrilled my heart, nor longer could I wonder

At the son's lofty principle and virtue.

Phoebe. But, George, how did you officers and men
Bear up in the farewell of your great idol?

George. Ah, 'twas the saddest scene I've ever known.
I never saw our William so affected.

Eleanor. Yea, William told it us. No words could
paint

Its grandeur and its pathos. Ah, poor soldiers,

God's blessing be upon them!

George.

There they stood,

Ragged and destitute, in anger 'gainst

Congress that could not help them in that hour.

But when they looked upon *his* noble face

That would have graced a Roman Senate, oh,

'Twas all forgot! I've seen that face illumined,

Transfigured with the genius of the man ;
But it was naught to that last moment when
Affection, triumph of God's power creative,
Rose to his lips and looked from tear-wet eyes.
And then a giant form broke thro' the ranks
And almost sobbed : "Farewell, my General!"
Order forgot, they rushed from line and crowded
Around him, covering his hands with tears
And sobbing their good wishes and farewell.
Madame Burleigh. [*Sneeringly*.] O yes, he's gained
their hearts and rules them well.
I prophesy he'll be King George the First
Of your United States.
Phoebe. [*Emphatically*.] Nay, never, madame!
George Washington's too great to stoop to that.
Enter hastily Madame Barclay, William and Anne;
Anne rushes to George and embraces him.
Anne. Well, George, my darling, safe at last and
home—
Spite of our fears and all the ill reports ;
And you've grown older, but [*Laughing*.] you're
just as handsome.
Madame Burleigh. [*Left, to William*.] With all my
heart I greet you, Colonel Barclay.
I'm glad that *you've* come back alive to be
A comfort to your mother and to Anne.
Phoebe. Thank all the Angels, William, whom your
wife
Has sent to be your body-guard each day,
That your glad laugh is heard in Carterville
Again.

William. [*Laughing.*] Yes, yes, my penitent Anne
knew well

I merited a multitude of prayers
For all *my* trembling supplications which
She slighted.

Anne. [*Laughing and pouting.*] O you naughty man!
How dare

You tell such tales? [*Shaking her finger at him.*]
I'll seal your lips to slander.

William. I fear you'll have to seal them often now,
Or there will be *domestic* war, my love.

Anne. Well, dear, I've left one stick of sealing-wax
From scores of letters I have had to write;
Now it will do for lips instead of letters.

William. O cruel little sweetheart! We shall see.
[*Kisses her—Anne runs away and talks to George.*]

Madame Barclay. [*Holding William's hand.*] 'Tis
like a dream that thou art safe returned;
Thro' all these fearful years no wound. Oh, God
Is good to me!

William. [*Jovially.*] Yes, bones are all intact; [*Anne listening.*]

Only a trifling rheumatism to claim
Your willing mother cares.

Anne. Nay, William, I
Am young and strong: mother can pet you, while
I rub your aches away.

*Enter Madame Carter and Father Richdale, followed
at a distance by Julia, who stands left rear; Dinah
and the children enter at intervals, one by one, and*

all remain happy and quiet in background during the scene.

Anne. A greeting, Father Richdale. [*All bow or courtesy.*]

Madame Carter. [*Looking around.*] Greet him fair;
Good Father Richdale's come ten miles today
To welcome our returning patriots.

Father Richdale. [*To William and George, one on each side.*] God bless you, soldiers, heroes in our cause;

Your heart's best wishes be with you forever!

[*Taking their hands and joining them in front of him.*]

God bless these brave hands that have wrought for us

Our fettered country's freedom—made of her
A nation that shall rise and spread her wings
From ocean unto ocean. And the peoples
Of *all* lands shall make haste to build their homes
Within her bosom; and the God of peace
Shall in a thousand arched temples, reared
By Faith and Love's high-reaching energies,
Be worshipped until Time shall be no more.

Madame Carter. Amen, amen unto your prophecy!

Eleanor. Fulfilled it shall be, for the land is sown

With martyrs' blood that shall grow goodly fruit.

[*William leads priest to chair, and talks to him aside.*]

Madame Carter. [*To Madame Barclay.*] I almost
envy you today, dear friend;

My loss bites keener now when all is over.

Madame Barclay. [*Looking at George, who is leaning*

over Phoebe's chair.] Be comforted ; you have
another son

And he will bring to you a lovely daughter.

George. [*Laughing.*] Alas ! in spite of my full-fledged
mustache

I never shall be manly like her Philip :

I'm doomed forever to be "little George."

Madame Carter. [*Tenderly,*] Dear George, — but
Philip was your father's namesake.

George. [*Fervently.*] I'll strive to be as good a son,
my mother.

William. [*Eleanor listening with intense interest.*]

Ah, madame, all that a great General

Could give of praise and honor, yea, even tears,

He gave to Philip, mourning for your sake

His sad untimely death.

Eleanor. God's peace unto

Our noble dead !

William. And now let us believe

He looks from Heaven [*Eleanor takes his arm
and looks up into his face.*] upon our happy
meeting :

And time will heal thy deep wound, gentle cousin.

Eleanor. O never, William, too profound it is :

Eternity's own hand alone hath power

To bind the broken pieces of this heart.

But there are statues in king's palaces

Which only serve to please the prince's eye ;

And I shall be a poor dumb statue, blind

With many tears, and plead and praise alike

As dead to all desire.

Father Richdale. But God can quicken
 The statue into warm and radiant life.

Anne. [*Caressing her.*] Darling, our love will hold
 thee with its chains
 Of gold and pearl; and we shall make thee queen
 By this most gentle tyranny of ours.
 [*Eleanor smiles sadly and shakes her head.*]

Madame Barclay. Brave Colonel, say, where is that
 flag you waved
 While the proud Liberty Bell gave forth its peals
 [*Exit William in haste, bowing.*]
 To tell the world Columbia was free?

Madame Carter. [*Rising.*] Star-spangled banner!
Re-enter William with flag—unfurls it.
 Yea, unfurl its folds:
 For ages yet to come, on land and sea,
 The breezes shall play round it lovingly.

William. O glorious Stars—type of our proud Thir-
 teen;
 O Bars—red, white and blue—I fling ye forth!
 And here I prophesy that ere old Time
 Shall make a century's stride adown the future,
 Thrice multiplied shall be thy galaxy
 Of starry States, self-ruled in happy freedom,
 Beneath their chosen Chief and blessed by God.

Father Richdale. Let us salute our glorious Flag, my
 children;
 Your voices raise to Heaven—"God Save Our
 Land."

*All stand, forming a varied and beautiful tableau, and
 sing in chorus:*

Hail, Flag! of freedom type,
Hail each fair Star and Stripe
That guards our strand!
Float over land and sea,
Tell thou a nation's free;
While all hearts turn to thee,
God save our land!

O God! to Thee we bow,
One are Thy people now
In heart and hand!
Send down Thy sun and rain,
Gild Thou our harvest plain,
Drive foes far o'er the main,
God save our land!

Our maids and matrons be
Mirrors of purity,
Of virtues grand!
O let our banner wave
O'er heroes loyal, brave!
When furled above our grave,
God save our land!

Curtain.

THE CHURCH'S TRIUMPH

‘ ‘ ‘

Allegorical Characters.

Church, attended by Faith, Hope and Charity, Standard-Bearer, with Joy and Fervor, and four Angels.

Nature, attended by four Fays.

Virtue.

Poesy.

Art.

Song.

Beauty.

Science.

Philosophy.

Power, attended by two Heralds.

Fame.

Time.

Costumes.

CHURCH is robed in flowing white, with cross on breast, and crowned with thorns; she bears a golden sceptre and key.

FAITH, in white robe, bears a gold cross.

HOPE, in pale green, with silver anchor.

CHARITY, in white, with soft red drappings; bears a flaming heart. Each wears a crown of gold.

ANGELS, in flowing white robes.

STANDARD-BEARER, with his attendants, Joy and Fervor, in gold and white.

NATURE, in robe of white adorned with flowers, over which is a full training mantle of pale green; crown of roses, and sceptre twined with buds.

FAYS, in fairy costumes of varied tints.

VIRTUE, in loose robe of white trimmed with silver;
silver girdle and silver bands on hair.

BEAUTY, SONG, POESY, and ART, respectively, in pale
blue, lavender, pale pink, and white, with trim-
mings and drapings at choice. Poesy bears a lyre,
and Art a palette.

PHILOSOPHY, in robe and toga of white and gold.

SCIENCE, robe of white, toga of gray; bears a little
lamp, with which he peers about.

POWER, in royal robes of velvet and ermine; crown of
gold and jewels, sword by his side. His heralds
bear flags.

FAME, in brilliant hues, with large silver trumpet; he
bears on his arm several laurel wreaths.

TIME, in gray robe, draped with sombre red or black;
he bears a scythe and an hour-glass.

THE CHURCH'S TRIUMPH

SCENE.—*A beautiful grove, in the mid-center of which is a flowery eminence, embowered in vines or bushes; at left of stage is a rural throne for Nature.*

Nature. [Seated on throne with attendant fays.]

A glorious reign is mine—queen over all
Creative hand hath formed; no rival I—
My subjects all that walk the earth, or swim
The ocean-stream, or float thro' azure skies.
The seasons, glorious in living hues,
Or terrible, with fiery sword outflashed,
Girded with crystal chains, or tempest-winged
Are mine: the splendent lights that hang in space
Are kindled for my pleasure: dews and rains
Conspire at my command with the rich warmth
Of glowing suns, to fill my lavish hand
With gifts of life and healing for mankind
And myriad lesser beings whom I feed.
Nay, more, I nourish souls with all delight
Of beauty, knowledge, that to higher lead.
And Time, the hoar destroyer, too, is mine,
For when my knell hath sounded, he shall fall.

Enter Beauty.

I welcome thee, fair child, unto my bowers
And pleasant haunts. Wilt tell me who thou art?

Beauty. Great queen, they name me Beauty; I was
born

Amid the golden clouds of morning; fed
Upon the dew from lilies' hearts; the rose
Hath lavished all a season's bloom to weave
My mantle; when I step abroad, behold!
All flowers come forth in lovely families
And plead—"O Beauty, take us to thy heart!"
Bright singing birds come perch upon my hand;
Rich palaces ope wide their doors to me,
And men and women bow before my feet.

[*Taking Nature's hand.*]

I love thee, too; thou'rt very beautiful.

Enter Science, right.

Nature. And whence com'st thou, with penetrating eye
And brow of thought and glittering lamp upheld?

Science. My journey hath been long: amid the seers
Of far Chaldea in earth's morning I
My glimmering lamp held to the darksome
heavens.

By Ptolemy's side I watched; and down the years
With Galileo, Kepler, Herschel, walked:
I've trod the lightning—brought it down to play
With men in light, and warmth and pleasant
speech:

Crowned me with weeds that in mid-ocean grew;
Clothed with unnumbered ages this rare earth
Delving amid its rocky records deep.
I've knelt beside Linnaeus 'mid his gorse;
Severed the elements—a thousand times
Been sung by Fame, while showering on the world

More blessings than it dreamed of.

Nature. Yea, 'tis true,

My hidden treasures thou hast brought to light.

Beauty. [*Frowning.*] But she has trampled on my
rights: in sunsets

Which I have painted with divinest tints

She only sees earth's cast-off vapors; why,

The perfume of the blue-eyed violet

[*Nature caresses her.*]

She'd ruthless tear into a thousand parts

Of hard-named elements known but to her.

Science. [*Bowing to Beauty.*] Nay, lovely angel, over
Fancy's realm

Thou rulest; I o'er Reason's large domain.

The phantoms of the brain, albeit fair,

Nor cunning senses thrilled by light and sound

Can pierce to hidden causes: I must bear

My lamp of Truth thro' thy enchanted bowers,

Albeit I grieve thee, lady. Yet too dim

This little light to scan the mysteries

Above, around, beneath.—My heart is sore

With doubt of twilight revelations. I

Would have a blazing sun to guide my steps.

Enter Poesy, left.

Nature. But see! a nymph with lyre and laurel wreath,
And "eye in a fine frenzy rolling."

Beauty. Ah!

It is my friend and sister, Poesy.

Poesy. Yea, prophet of the Beautiful am I:

Deep have I drunk of the Pierian spring;

Danced with the Muses on the Olympic mount;

With fauns and dryads thro' Dodona's groves
 I wandered, led by Homer, Pindar, Keats:
 But purer wine of inspiration I
 Poured in the living song of Israel
 When David smote the lyre. With robe un-
 scathed
 I've walked beyond the "hopeless gate"—thro'
 fires
 Unquenchable—"a universe of death":
 I've mounted eagle-eyed to Paradise
 By Dante's side. Thro' Fancy's flowery land,
 Thro' tragic splendors strewing History's path,
 The Bard of Avon bore my banner: sad
 I crowned the brows of woe-baptizéd Tasso;
 In tender arms I nursed the constant one,
 Whom Angelo named "divine"—the fair Colonna;
 And o'er late centuries whose firmament
 Is bright with stars of varying lustre,
 I come to place a new star in my heaven.
 I come to lay upon the brow of the world
 My crown of laurel o'er his crown of thorns—
 Immortal Leo, with heart dropping blood
 And prophet eye, where Triumph rides sublime.

Nature. [*Embracing Poesy.*] Thou'rt welcome to my
 heart—as dear to me
 As soft-eyed Beauty. [*Music heard in distance.*]
 List!

[*Enter Song, dancing and singing.*]

Song. Tripping over the hills I come,
 My full heart breathing in melody:
 Love-lorn zephyrs with murmurs low

And fountains and birds rejoice with me.
All things beautiful hear my voice:
May's fair blossoms spring 'neath my feet;
Autumn blushes 'mid harvest dews,
And stars smile down on my message sweet.

Poesy. Say, who art thou,
O lovely, sweet-voiced lady? Tell us.

Song. [*Laughing.*] Nay,
My speech is song: list thou and I will tell.
[*Sings.*]

I am the Spirit of Song, of Song!
Mortals bow at my witching strains;
Power and Glory my path pursue,
And Fame is caught by my airy chains.
Nature lovely [*Courtesies to Nature.*] is still my
theme;

Yet over the stars my note doth soar;
I catch the hymning as Angels sing
Where waves of music roll evermore.

[*Nature embraces her as Power enters with haughty
air and thundering step, accompanied by heralds
bearing banners.*]

Power. [*Drawing his sword.*] Who wakes the echoes
in my green domains?

[*Song, Beauty, and Poesy flee tremblingly to the rear.*]
Nay, flee not, Song; thou'rt for my pleasant hours,
When thro' the world my sword hath won its way;
[*To Beauty.*] Shrink not, O Beauty, thou shalt
be my queen.

[*To Poesy, who is leaning on Nature.*] Thy
golden lyre full glorious themes shall have

When red-eyed Mars hath laid his trophies down.

[With threatening glance toward Nature.]

Yea, even Nature shall my subject be;

I'll mar her ancient temples at my will.

[Nature rises from her throne, and with indignant aspect and hand haughtily extended essays to speak, but is interrupted by the sound of trumpets heralding Fame's advance. Power stands looking defiance at her, then turns with commanding air to right.]

Power. But see—advancing Fame, my thrall, with
blare

Of trumpets!

[Nature leans against center mound.]

Enter Fame, right, bearing wreaths.

Fame. *[Approaching Beauty and Poesy.]* I crown thee
Queen of Beauty; *[Crowns her.]* and thou,
too,

Fair Poesy, hast won my triumph wreath.

[Crowns her and attempts to crown Song; but Power strides forward in anger and thrusts his sword between Fame and Song: the latter flees to rear.]

Power. *[To Fame, sheathing his sword.]* Say, minion,
what hast thou to do with wreaths

For alien brows? Crown me, the lord of all

These puny weaklings.—Dost thou hesitate?

Obe! *[Nature retreats behind knoll.]*

Fame. *[Drawing back with dignity and holding wreaths on high.]* Crown deeds of blood?—
Throw down thy sword!

This is no time for savage conquerors:
 My bays and olives are for meek-eyed Peace.
 Tread not the people 'neath thine iron heel!
 Disband thine armies: raise the nations up;
 Be true and brave by lofty thought—by deeds
 Magnanimous; and onward, upward lead
 The wounded manhood crouching at thy feet,
 Till, nursed by peace and plenty, loyal, free,
 Thy people be a race of uncrowned kings.—
 Look for my laurel—then! [*Holding it up and
 turning away.*]

Power. [*Flashing out his sword.*] Nay, dastard, thou
 Shalt herald me to ages yet unborn. [*Exit, left.*
Enter right, Art, with palette and brushes.

Poesy. [*Embracing Art.*] O beauteous nymph, thou'rt
 welcome as the dawn

To eyes by spectral horrors frightened.

[*Beauty embraces Art, and Science looks up frown-
 ingly from a dissecting operation.*]

Nature. [*At left front.*] Hail,

Thou gentlest of intruders! Tell us who

Thou art, and whence thy princely step hath come.

Art [*To right.*] I stood with Phidias in the Parthe-
 non:

I wrought the golden-pillared miracle
 Of Juda's king, with ark and cherubim:
 Apelles' hand I guided; subtly drew
 His colors from rich Nature's willing heart.

[*Bowing to Nature.*]

Noblest of spirits have my presence wooed;
 Raphaels and Titians and Angelicos

First won my smile, then won the applauding
world.

I make hearts beat in stone, and passion's flame
Break out anew. Moses in marble speaks

At order of an Angelo.—Alive

O'er the blue waters stands fair Liberty,

With a whole people's soul within her breast,
And lures the nations to her cordial shores.

But ah! I have a Queen whose heavenly voice
Makes music thro' the everlasting hills,

Brings down diviner sunlight thro' my being,

With mighty power transforms, transfigures me!

Song. [*Clasping hands with Beauty.*] O tell us, who
is she?—Nor need, for we

Thy Sovereign own.

Beauty. Long have we seen her feet
Royal, all beautiful upon the mountains!

Song. And we have thrilled the world and drowned
the song

Of silver-rolling spheres in her glad praise.

Enter Philosophy, left, with scroll in hand.

Nature. [*Right, toward throne.*] Behold a maid of
solemn port and eye

That peers thro' souls and seeks to rend the veil

That hides all essence from a mortal's ken—

Your elder sister, high Philosophy!

[*All courtesy.*]

Philosophy. [*Left.*] Yea, ye shall walk with me as
those of old

In groves of th' Academe with gold-mouthed
Plato:

I bear the silver key that doth unlock
 The inner rooms of Wisdom's seven-gate castle:
 The mysteries of being manifold,
 Time, space, and substance, attributes, ideas,—
 Of order, law, causation, destiny;
 I've thought and spoke since speech first floated
 forth

Upon the winged silences of Eden.
 Here in the calm air of this tufted grove
 Descending spirits, girt with golden wings,
 May well be near us while we lift our thought
 And scan with Reason's eye the First Great Cause.
Art. [Right.] O noble teacher, thou dost need the
 light

Of my unerring Queen.
Philosophy. [Left.] Fair nymph, thou dream'st!
 Unerring? To be mortal is to fail.
 Man's knowledge must be choked with weeds of
 doubt.

The true Theology is throned in Heaven.
 But lo! between yon mantling vines my child,

Enter Virtue, right.

My virgin pupil, white-browed Virtue!—Hail!
*[Stands back and scans her with awed sur-
 prise as the others greet her.]*

A nobler grace sits on thy stainless cheek;
 Thy forehead seems emblazed with some new sign;
 Thy very touch hath some infused power;
 And all the air is sweet with purity.

Where hast thou been? What learned?
Virtue. [With profound courtesy.] My teacher, thou

Full well the cardinal virtues me hast taught:
 But wandering sad one day, pursued by longings,
 In the green twilight of an antique forest,
 I met a royal nymph of angel beauty:

[*All listen with intense interest.*]

And, as she passed, beneath her printless feet
 Lilies and violets, roses, amaranth,
 Sprang into life; and lovely flowering vines
 Hung garlands on the wrinkled boughs, that
 laughed

With joy: the sun shot glorious arrows through;
 And ever and anon her scepter's touch
 Waked from their rocky sleep translucent springs.
 We neared a torrent flood whose crystal flow
 Was tinged with vermeil: by its mossy brink
 She leaned against a ruby rock that seemed
 Instinct with life, and throbbed like a great heart
 That with a world's woe might have burst: for
 deep

Within its side a chasm bubbled o'er
 Fed by the flood below.

Philosophy. Thy words amaze me;
 Symbolical they are of mystery—
 Some lesson great, profound, they teach.

Virtue. 'Tis true;
 O noble mind, yet list: a little space
 Three beauteous nymphs circled in graceful dance
 Around her, while a host of viewless minstrels
 Cleft the gold air with melody.—Anon,

With lowly majesty, she rose and touched
The rifted rock, when, swift as summer lightning,
Seven fountains shot their silver spray to Heaven
And watered all the earth.—I bent my head,
And, with myrrh-dropping hands, she laved me
white,

Then gave the vermeil draught; and lo! my soul
Kindled to such a flame of sacred rapture
That all my being turned to love. And there
The air-built structure Pride had reared so high
Fell flat, for now I clasped Humility.

[*Kneels with bowed head.*]

*Enter Time, right, with scythe and hour-glass. All
flee except Virtue, who stands boldly to the front
and gazes fearlessly on him. Art tremblingly
moves backward and pauses half way.*

Time. [*Smiling grimly.*] Mortals affrighted run be-
fore my scythe: [*Running his hand over the
edge.*]

'Tis sharp; and cuts alike the chalice bud,
Or yew that looked o'er graves a thousand years.
[*Turns to Beauty.*] With unenchanted eye I gaze
on Beauty:

[*To Science.*] Science has no sure spell against my
charm:

Power [*With scorn, while Power drops on one
knee.*] falls abject at my lightest blow.

Empires I mow and [*Stamping foot.*] trample in
the dust:

Art, Poesy, and Song and Fame, I laugh at:

Nay, when my sands are run, great Nature's self

I'll strike and bury her beneath her stars.

[*Nature, appalled, falls back in anguish, supported by Poesy; fays encircle her. Music is heard.*]

Virtue. [*Smiling.*] But list! the music from her unseen choir—

The harbinger of our great Queen's approach.

Enter Banner-bearer with Church's standard of white and gold held on high, the ribbons caught by two little girls, Joy and Fervor, in gold and white. Faith, Hope and Charity follow, hands twined, in wheel dance; then enter their Sovereign Lady the Church, guarded by Angels. The banner is borne to the right, while Faith, Hope and Charity pause at left. Church ascends the flowery eminence in center and stands there guarded by her angels. Music ceases as Faith begins to speak.

Faith. Bow to our Sovereign Lady, Heaven-descended!
[*All bow with reverence.*]

Bow to the Holy Church, by seraphs tended!

Virtue. [*With clasped hands.*] Behold the unerring Teacher of my love!

Nature. Say, who is this that cometh like the dawn,
Fair as the silver moon, bright as the sun?
[*Re-enter Power, left, sword in hand.*]

Church. I am not of the world; it crucified
My Spouse, who left to me His crown of thorns
And scepter: laid within my hand
The key which opes the everlasting gates
Where He in kingly state rains joy and peace.
The treasures of His love are mine: freely

As doth the sun, I give and never fail.

[*Power advances.*]

Tyrants have veiled my light in darksome caves,
Where, o'er my children's martyr tombs, I raised
The unspotted Sacrifice. False sons have striven
In vain my seamless robe to part; and Power,—

[*Looking sternly and sadly toward him.*]

Mail-clad, with robber hand, hath struck me oft;
But with immortal vigor I arise
From each new blow, with olive branch of peace.
Come to me, O ye little ones, and drink
The rivers of my sweetness; ye shall be
My missionaries thro' earth's wide boundaries.

[*Turns to Nature.*]

O bounteous Nature! thro' thy spacious meads
And towering forests thou hast built for me
Churches and cloisters where Art's glittering
ranks

Still mould fair pillared arches, and create
O'er vault and gate and storied pane new forms
That shall endure till Time's last deed be done.

[*Power frets and fumes.*]

Nature. Immortal Queen, that shalt survive my day,
Receive the homage of my fealty;

[*Kisses her hand.*]

My lands, my woody temples all are thine,

[*Power stamps in fury.*]

Each vale and dell shall yield its incense up:
May's lovely nurslings and the crimson hearts
Of June's bright arbors shall adorn thy shrines.

[*Nature's fays present bouquets to Church.*]

Art. [*Laying down palette and brush.*] O daughter of
the Heavenly Architect!

Thou art my matchless inspiration ever;
With thee I win a crown of deathless bays.

Church. [*To Beauty.*] Thou, Beauty, lovelier far
within my courts,

Dost add ethereal grace to all thou touchest.

Beauty. [*To Church.*] Most beautiful of women, at
thy feet

I lay my trophies; thou shalt consecrate
The charms which win all spirits to my sway.

[*Power grows more restive; looks furtively
with scorn at Church.*]

Church. [*To Song.*] O Song! while thou upon my
heart dost lie,

Thy voice doth take the note of Cherubim,
And call them down to sing with thee.

Song. [*Courtesying.*] Thy Spouse's praise is still my
sweetest theme.

[*Sings. Power lays hand on sword.*]

O beautiful One! O Lily 'mid thorns!

O Dove in the clifts of the rock,

Thy voice is sweet and thy face all fair!

How beautiful is thy flock!

Thou hast wounded His Heart, thy Kingly
Spouse!

With thy eyes of love aflame;

And our hearts yield up their love to thee

For the triumph of Jesus' Name.

[*She kneels and kisses the hand of Church,
who caresses her.*]

Church. [*To Poesy.*] Thy lyre, O Poesy, [*Takes lyre from her and raises it.*] my fairest child,
I have anoint unto all nobler uses;
For God and right, for Sorrow's comforter,
For Virtue's champion and her peer, I bless thee,
Thou wanderer thro' the vestibule of Heaven,
Joy-bringer unto hearts of weary men!

Power. [*Sullenly, sword drawn. All are now fearless of him.*] I tell thee, thou usurper, Poesy is mine,

To sing my victories; and Fame's my vassal,
To sound my glories to posterity.

Poesy. [*To Church, who now returns the lyre.*]
O higher than Aonian muse, to thee
Alone, my heart, my lyre, I dedicate.

Fame. [*Laying down trumpet.*] Thy spirit shall be in my voice; thy name,
O Church of God! I'll bear on the four winds
To ends of earth, thro' rolling ages.

Church. Thou
Shalt be my tendant, Fame, eternally.

Science. My little lamp, I blow out, see! 'tis thine,
To reillumine with thy hallowed fires.

Church. [*Rekindling it.*] Thy lamp shall be on golden lilies placed,

O Science, in my temple evermore!

Philosophy. [*Presenting scroll.*] Queen of celestial wisdom, here I yield;

I bow my intellect in fealty;
Forswear the pomp of schools to enter thine,

O guide infallible! A child again
I kneel—from thee would learn the path to
Heaven.

*[Power looks half longingly toward Church,
and lays hand on flags irresolutely.]*

Church. [Handing Cross to Philosophy.] Philosophy,
thy heart shall be a fount

Of living truth: thy lips a scarlet lace

Dropping the honey of celestial doctrine.

Virtue. [To Church.] Thou art my Mother! Love
can say no more.

Chruch. [Caressing her.] My best beloved! thou art
my joy and crown.

*[Power moves forward, fluctuates a second,
then whispers to herald, who lays the flags
at feet of Church; Power helps to arrange
them.]*

Poesy. O glorious triumph!

Virtue. Prodigy of grace!

Nature. Undreamed-of conquest!

Church. [To Power.] O imperial Caesar!

This is true glory; now thou hast eclipsed

All deeds heroic thou hast ever wrought

Amid thy bright, embattled legions; for

Thy victory is a godlike one—o'er self.

Power. Angel of peace, unarmed deliverer

Of groaning realms, I yield my sword—disband

Mine armies at thy plea.

Fame. Full nobly thou

My wreath hast won on *Passion's* battle-ground.

[Fame crowns him with laurel.]

Church. [*Returning sword to Power with cross affixed to handle.*] Thy sword, cross-mounted, now I give thee back:

For God and Right, for Justice' guardian,
For champion of the weak, I bless it!
Fierce War shall fly to his infernal home,
And monarchs clasp the hand of amity:
So shall the people of God's world of love
Be gathered in one brotherhood of peace.

Time. [*Holding up glass and scythe.*] My sands are nearly run; my scythe is thirsty!

Church. Nay, envious Time, thy sands no measure have

For my duration; edgeless is thy scythe;

[*Time goes backward—leans against a tree.*]

'Neath it shalt thou lie low, while I shall flourish
In fadeless splendor thro' the eternal years!

TABLEAU.

Triumphal Song.

Church. [*Solo.*] Sing, O my children, praise to God on high!

Praise ye His mercy ever sweet and tender;
His be the glory, men and nations cry!
Saved by His Blood to Him our thanks we render.
Praise ye the Lord—our Christ, our King!
Bear ye His name to every age and nation.
Hosanna! Praise ye the Lord!
Bless Him whose Cross hath brought to us salvation.

Chorus.

Hail, blessed Spouse of Jesus, Heavenly King!
 Pledge we our life and love to thee forever;
 Crowned with His thorns and Cross, to thee we
 cling,

Life, death, nor aught from thee our hearts shall
 sever.

Praise we the Lord—our Christ, our King!

Bear we His name to every age and nation.

Hosanna! Praise we the Lord!

Bless Him whose Cross hath brought to us salva-
 tion.

The hymn (to the music of "Palms," by Faure) should be sung with great recollection and devotion; all should make a reverence to Church at the opening line of Chorus. At the close a few bars of interlude are played while the procession is being formed. Power lifts flags—which Church blesses—and hands them to heralds: all three make a profound bow to Church, and turning lead the procession with slow steps. (The Chorus is now repeated.) Fame follows. The order may be as outlined below for the three couples if their positions at close should allow it. All should bow reverently to Church as they enter rank or pass before her. Virtue precedes Nature, two of whose fays walk backward scattering flowers in Church's pathway. Standard-Bearer, with Joy and Fervor, follows Nature. Faith, Hope and Charity, in wheel dance, precede Church, while an Angel walks at either side and two follow her. When the proces-

sion has passed away, Time, in despair, throws his glass to the ground, and falls backward, plunging his scythe into his breast.

ORDER OF PROCESSION.

Herald.

Herald.

Power.

Fame.

Science.

Philosophy.

Beauty.

Song.

Poesy.

Art.

Virtue.

Fays.

Nature.

Fays.

Joy.

Standard-Bearer.

Fervor.



Angel.

Church.

Angel.

Angels.

THE ANGELS' FEAST

‘ ‘ ‘

A DRAMA IN ONE ACT FOR GOLDEN JUBILEE.

Scene within the Monastery.

Angels of the Drama.

**Angel of the Altar, bearing Censer and Golden Vase.
Guardian Angel of Sister Jubilarian, with Golden
Cross.**

**Angel of the Sacred Vows, with Silver Shield, Lily,
and Wisp of Straw.**

Angel of Charity, with Flaming Heart.

**Angel of Kind Thoughts, with Jardinière of Plants and
Vines.**

Angel of Kind Words, with Basket of Flowers.

Angel of Kind Deeds, with Basket of Fruit.

Angel of Tears, with Silver Vase.

Soul saved by Sister Jubilarian, with Lighted Candle.

Music by Unseen Choir.

**The drama was composed in honor of Sister Mary
Seraphina Trautman of the Visitation.**

THE ANGELS' FEAST

SCENE.—*A room draped in white and gold. Palms and flowers disposed gracefully around. A statue of Blessed Lady or St. Joseph at one side of front center. On the other side, a little distant from the scene, the throne of Sister Jubilarian, rather low, so that she can step down with ease and enter the scene toward the close. In center of scene, a Prie-Dieu, draped in white and gold, with chair.*

Enter from rear to sound of music—"Hail to the Spouse of the Lord"—eight Angels by twos, hands joined, in slow dance step. When the first couple are a little above the Prie-Dieu they loose hands, turn and congee to it; then, touching hands, they separate, going down the opposite side in dance step as before; the second couple advance and go through the same movement, and so on in single and double movements till the chorus is nearly finished; then the Angel Guardian appears at left; with a movement of surprise and pleasure he looks around, and speaks just as music closes, and the tableau of Angels is formed.

HAIL TO THE SPOUSE.

(Sung by unseen choir.)

Hail to the Spouse of the Lord who cometh
Crowned with the fruits of love!

"Arise, my beloved, and haste!" He sayeth;
 "My beautiful one, my Love!"
 Mingle your strains, O harps celestial!
 Waft with our notes of praise
 Your harmonies up to the highest Heaven,
 Chanting her length of days!
 Strength and beauty, the Spouse's clothing
 She sought with "the better part;"
 His "chains of gold" have wrought her glory,
 This "day of the joy of her heart."
 She found her Beloved among the lilies,
 Nor trembled at Calvary's gloom;
 Scatter her path with flowers unfading,
 In gardens of Heaven that bloom.

Enter Angel Guardian.

Hail to the Spouse of the Lord who cometh!
 His reign in her heart we sing;
 Waft our notes to the highest Heaven—
 Hail we her Spouse and King!

Angel Guardian. What sweet surprise is this, O brother
Princes?

Ye come to keep with rapturous song and gifts
 This golden festal of my mortal charge.

Angel of the Altar. Yea, brother, 'tis a joy thou well
dost merit;

For nobly thou hast wrought with God His work
 In this created nature, from that morn
 In Reichelsheim, when, swift as ray of light,
 The fiat of Omnipotence sped forth
 A new soul to its earthly tenement,
 Till this fair day when threescore years and ten

Like jewels grace the temple of its Maker.

Angel of Tears. I joy with thee, for thou hast made her
life,

Its hopes and fears, temptations, trials, pain,
The seed of future glory.

Angel of Charity. Happy guide!

I, who have borne thee faithful company,
May well my gratulations offer thee.

With these, my loved compeers, I've watched thee
train,

From first to last, her heart in Virtue's school.

Angel of Kind Thoughts. We who walked with her
oft in stony paths,

And up the mount, and o'er the desert plain,
Have seen thee pouring streams of gladness o'er
Her fainting spirit.

Angel of Kind Words. And binding up her wounds
When random arrows pierced her gentle heart.

Angel of Kind Deeds. And when her hands grew weak
with zealous toil,

With promptitude celestial thou wert near,
Her cares to soften and her labors share.

Angel of the Vows. How shall I praise thee, guardian
Prince of light?

From that dark, living chaos of pollution,
Where Ignorance and Vice reign tyrannous
O'er millions of deluded votaries,

Thou hast delivered her, and led her here
"To breathe, to pant for her Celestial Spouse"—
Her days a sweet novitiate for Heaven.

Angel Guardian. My thanks are due, O ministering
Spirits!

After our Sovereign Lord, to each of ye.
What marvels have ye wrought for my beloved!
Speak, Angel of the Altar, thou, and tell.

Angel of the Altar. When first thy lips dropped wis-
dom to the ears

Of her pure soul, and words of prayer came forth,
I caught the living incense, [*Raises censer.*] and
it rose

Up to the throne of God and perfumed Heaven.
So thro' the years, at morn and noon and eve,
And thro' the hours, the sweet aroma ever
Is stealing upward from my thurible,
Then falls in silvery clouds of precious graces.
And here the virginal chant of Mary's praise,
Far-reaching, floats to our celestial choirs.
But oh, within this golden vase, [*Elevating it.*] I
treasure,

Hid 'neath the veil of myriad lily Hosts,
The radiant Majesty whom we adore.
From that first day when, clothed in spotless white,
A child before the altar, she in joy
Tasted the sweets of this great mystery,
Until this morning at the cloister grate,
When we and countless choirs beside her stood,
And saw the glory of this Jubilee—
I've gathered in my casket thousand times,
And tens of thousands still, the Sacred Species,
All redolent of her abiding love;
Then on the golden altar by the Throne

I offered them with trembling awe to God
'Mid worship of Heaven's prostrate hierarchies.

Angel Guardian. [*To Angel of Tears.*] O brother
Angel, whose high mission is
To waft to bleeding hearts sweet sympathies
And comforts, hast thou aught concealed of hers
Within thy silver chalice?

Angel of Tears. Yea, bright Cherub;
Here [*Raising chalice.*] pearls of price unvalued
make day pale;
Tears of contrition o'er her daily falls;
Tears for the sorrows of her Crucified;
Tears for the woes of sad humanity;
Tears of a grateful heart in thanksgiving;
And tears, full human, when the Cross pressed
hard.

All these, ere thou could'st wipe away, I caught,
And dropped in many a wailing home; in paths
Where rolled and danced Sin's mad procession on;
And oft I've strewn them o'er the vale of death.
I need not tell ye wonders ye have seen—
How hearts were comforted and sinners saved.
O that a ray of light would but reveal
To dovelike souls the power of holy tears!

Angel Guardian. [*To Angel of Charity.*] Thou,
Seraph of the highest Heavens, hast thou
The name of my dear child recorded here?

[*Points to Heart.*]

Angel of Charity. Thou smil'st, for well thou know'st
'tis graven deep
Upon that Heart of which I bear the symbol.

I've led her to that Sun of living love,
And sought to gild her life with its bright rays:
Upon her heart's well-cultured soil they fell,
And warmed my tender seeds to beauteous being:
So is her heart a garden for her Spouse.

Angel of Kind Thoughts. And lo! I bring the precious
roots and vines

That sprung from out this garden fair; *Kind
Thoughts*

They are, that would not swerve aside to blame
The faults, or judge the motives of a neighbor.

Angel of Kind Words. The root and leafy stem and
graceful vine

Are but the prophecies of fairer growth:
When, tinted with the hues of sunset, spring
The blossoms, with their delicate, sailing cloud
Of fragrance, how their loveliness is prized!
And mortals cull them into rare bouquets
And light their homes with them—and greet their
friends,

And, faded, press them for dear memories.
These radiant flowers I carry are *Kind Words*,
Whose office is to cheer the drooping world;
Their sweet breath lingers in the heart's deep
chambers,
Oft when the utterer's lips are sealed in death,
And ope it to our heavenly inspirations.

Angel Guardian. [*To Angel of Kind Deeds.*] Thy
mystic symbol of ambrosial fruit,
Where hast thou gathered? Blest Archangel, say.

Angel of Kind Deeds. 'Tis the rich harvest of *Kind Deeds* that dropped

All gold and crimson, luscious to the taste,
From trees luxuriant in that lowly garden:
Kind Thoughts and Words that ripen into Deeds
Are fit repast for Jesus' lips; 'twas He
That sowed the seed in holy Nazareth
That since has fructified in all earth's climes.
Kind Deeds are messengers of light and peace;
They walk the earth like presences immortal,
And feel the touch of the creative hand—
Touch infinitely tender!—that each step
Drops blessings, oft true miracles.

Angel of Charity. Dear Princes,
The world of God is all of love; the cloister,
His paradise, where most He walks on earth.
Unkindness an intruder is, a foe,
Who would beat down His work in souls,
And lay the heart all bare and desolate.

Angel Guardian. [*To Angel of the Vows.*] Thou hast
not spoken; 'tis humility,
Bright Angel of the Vows, whose place on high
Is 'mong the Thrones, that keeps thee silent till
Thy loved associates are heard.

Angel of the Vows. When I,
Amid the uncreated splendors, saw
Thee yearn ineffably that my three gifts,
The Lily of unspotted Chastity, [*Displaying Lily.*]
The Poverty of Jesus [*Holding up Straw.*] and
the strong,
Bright Shield of true Obedience, should endow

Thy well-beloved, I came with breathless speed
 And laid them at her feet ; me she embraced,
 And "charmed with Jesus' spiritual beauty,"
 Chose Him as only object of her love.
 Behold ! [*Pointing to palms.*] these palms of vic-
 tory are hers:
 The Lily yet unstained ; the Straw, still fresh,
 An odor breathes like that of Bethlehem.
 And see ! the Shield bears bright insignia
 Of well-fought battles with her three great foes.

Angel Guardian. [*To Soul saved.*] O Soul, redeemed
 by Christ's dear Blood, hast thou
 Some trophy of thy ministry on earth
 To her I guard ?

Soul. Nay, blessed Spirit, she
 My gentle teacher was in ways of God :
 And while I studied worldly lore, she taught,
 By word and fair example, that the world
 Is but a vapor touched with rainbow tints ;
 That God is all ; the soul of infinite price.
 She robed me in Truth's vesture ; and the light
 Of Faith [*Looks at Candle.*] placed in my hands :
 thro' life and death
 Her prayers a golden column were on which
 I leaned ; and other souls grown brave thro' her
 Are nobly working out God's will on earth.
 [*A bell is heard tolling for prayer.*]

Angel Guardian. 'Tis now the hour my well-beloved
 spends
 In sweet commune with God : but a brief space

And song and mirth shall crown her Festival,
Sweet tribute of her loving Sisters.

[*Soft sacred music is heard.*]

*Sister Jubilarian, her eyes lowered, steps down from
her throne and, telling her beads, walks on the
scene.*

Angel of the Altar. Lo!

She comes; I go to watch o'er her with thee.

[*Raises censor.*]

*Angel Guardian and Angel of the Altar go forward,
meet Sister, and return one on each side; they
accompany her to the Prie-Dieu, and take their
station by her side; she kneels with clasped hands,
unconscious of her Angel companions. Music
slowly dies away as she speaks.*

Sister Jubilarian. [*Eyes heavenward.*] This truly is
the day the Lord hath made.

What shall I render to Thee, O my God,
For all Thy boundless mercies? Seraphs bright,
O thank Him, for I faint with happiness!

[*Bows her head on her hands.*]

Angel of the Altar. Her cup of joy is too full; lo! she
weeps.

Angel of Tears. [*Holding up chalice.*] Behold my
chalice full to overflowing

With tears of sweet acceptance unto God.

*At this moment a dark form—the evil one—enters Left
stealthily to tempt her; she feels his presence with-
out looking, and shudders, raising her eyes to
Heaven. Upon his appearance a swift tableau of
Spirits is formed: Angel of Altar, right, holds up*

Censer in right hand and extends his left over her; Angel of Charity, a little behind her, elevates the Heart; Angel Guardian, Left, extends Cross with left hand, while his right is around Sister; a little in advance and toward the left of him Angel of the Vows presents Shield toward the evil spirit. The other Angels kneel in graceful attitudes, raising their symbols, some stretching a protecting arm toward her. The tableau must be formed with the swiftness of thought the instant the evil one is seen, then promptly the four Angels speak in unison.

Angel Guardian, Angel of Altar, of Charity, and of Vows. Back to thy native hell, foul spirit, back!

Thou hast no part in this redeemed soul.

During the utterance of the words the evil one falls back slowly and reluctantly, with threatening look and gesture, and finally disappears. A new tableau is formed across the stage and all listen with pleasure to the Angel speakers.

Angel Guardian [To Angel of Altar.] Bright Spirit of the Seven who gird the Throne,

Touch thou her mortal vision, that she view
The visitants supernal who surround her;
So shalt thou crown this "Golden Jubilee,"
And foretaste give my love of Paradise.

Angel of the Altar [Touching her with golden arrow.]

Child of mortality! a moment gaze;
Joy flood with torrents all thy being.

An outburst of joyous sacred music, which continues

during pantomime till curtain. Sister Jubilarian gazes around, smiles, and falls back into her Angel Guardian's arms unconscious for a few seconds. Then, supported by him, she rises and advances between him and Angel of Altar toward the front, where the latter introduces her to Angel of Charity on right; then Angel Guardian introduces her to Angel of Tears on left; and so on alternately, each Angel telling her of his care and love, and showing the trophies she has won. The Soul saved approaches last—a mutual joyous recognition and embrace follow, after which they all accompany her back to the Prie-Dieu, then form a tableau; the Angel of the Altar on one side of Sister and her Angel Guardian on the other, while the rest are gracefully disposed, kneeling or standing, forming a semicircle. Sister Jubilarian's head rests on the breast of her Angel as if in an ecstasy.

Curtain.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM

‘ ‘ ‘

A DRAMA IN ONE ACT.

Persons of the Play.

Gaspar,	}	Wise Men.
Melchior,		
Balthazar,		
Amlec,		
Kati,		

Mary, the Mother of Jesus.

Joseph.

Angels.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM

SCENE.—*A grove; time, twilight. Balthazar, walking, deep in thought; Kati; Amlec, reclining on a mossy bank.*

Amlec. After the tedious hours we've spent o'er signs
And mystic numbers, doctrines and what not,
'Tis pleasant to repose beneath the stars.
Balthazar, brother, [Rising a little.] why look'st
thou so grave?

Has sorrow visited thy heart this eve?

Balthazar. How, brother, can our hearts be aught but
heavy

Till the unfolding of this mystery—
Till the Expected One of nations come
And take the burden of our sin and woe?

Kati. But surely in our high and mystic lore
We nigh touch heaven; what would'st thou more?

Balthazar. The prophecies obscure but rack my soul
With yearnings for that heavenly Sage foretold,
And all the time points to their near fulfilment.

[Enter Melchior and Gaspar.]

Let us, my sons, prepare our spirits' soil;
Penance by day, watching and prayer by night,
Shall ope the heavens to drop this gift divine.

Melchior. O reverend master, how thy words enthrall
My spirit! All our grand traditions tell
The Portent is at hand, and Buddha comes

To live with men.

Amlec. [*Aside.*] Wise fools!

Kati. [*Aside.*] Deluded dreamers!

Gaspar. Yea, Melchior, truth shall soon bud forth and
flower ;

The great Invisible, whom we cannot name,
Shall fill the earth with His majestic presence.

Amlec. [*Rising.*] Another wild enthusiast!

Kati. [*Sarcastically.*] Pray, hear!

Gaspar. List, brethren, to my vision of the night :

Within the temple I adored ; the eight
Prostrations I had made and rose ; when sudden
Beside me stood our ancient prophet Honi,
Dead years ago ; a halo, soft as moonlight,
Circled his austere form ; his stately head,
Venerable with snowy crown and beard,
Bent, and in triumph tones he spake : " My son,
Be purified, and know the call divine—
Watch nightly, and the heavens shall give a sign."

Amlec. False visionary, hold thy prate and be

Like other men ; much learning makes thee mad.

Melchior Nay, Amlec, chide him not.—'Tis wondrous
strange,

But holy apparition hath been mine.—

By Indus' banks I stood in holy musings ;

A strip of silver cloud seemed floating down,

And ever down, till o'er the mossy rock

Nigh which we pray, it stood ; I marvelled much,

For unseen choirs o'erflowed the midnight skies

With melody, as forth revealed, a shape

Glorious, majestic, cast down on me

A look benignant, flashing luminous beams
More than the sun at noonday. Then I heard:
"A star shall rise in Jacob—watch its light,
And follow thou its wandering to the west."

Kati. Brethren, ye all have grown insane with folly.

Amlec. [*Sarcastically.*] Ye, teachers? Kings of men?
Philosophers?

Yea, Magi that invent old women's tales.

Balthazar. False tongues of Kati and Amlec, beware!

[*To Melchior and Gaspar.*]

Wisdom of heaven hath darkness taught ye both!
And hearken now to mysteries night revealed
To your unworthy brother: 'neath the stars,
Thick sown o'er heaven's azure fields, I sate
Pondering deep questions of the past and future,
When a dark shadow drew me in its depths,
And, fear-oppressed, I fell to the ground as dead.
A hand soft touched me, and a voice low-tuned:
"Arise, thou man of high desires, arise,
And gaze upon the vision!"—Tremblingly
I stood upright; and lo! I seemed to ascend
Beyond, beyond the clouds and stars, when forth
From the abysses of eternity—

O sight unspeakable!—there seemed to come
A woman, beautiful beyond conception,
Clothed with the sun, the moon beneath her feet,
And in her arms a Babe Divine—a King
Who held the whole earth in his little palm.
She smiled celestial, and the Babe gazed down—
O how the glory of that look to tell!
My soul colossal grew—but swift fell back

Into primeval nothingness, all lost.
 And then, as if the starry hosts sang soft,
 Her voice came to mine inward ear: "His Star
 Is in the heavens. Watch—pray—and when thou
 seest

Its glory, thou shalt hear: '*Venite—Venite.*'

[*Chant.*]

Then rise and gird thy loins and speed afar
 Beneath its shining, till o'er Him it rests."

[*Bows his head in rapt silence.*]

Gaspar. [*Embracing him.*] My father—O my father!

Melchior [*With clasped hands.*] Heaven hath spoken.

Balthazar. And so the vision vanished, and I lay

In speechless worship till the dawn broke fair,
 And birds sang praise, and zephyrs wooed the tree
 tops,

And the bright sun gilt leaf and flower and hills.

Amlec. And thou hast spent the lagging hours apart.

Kati. Nor one wise counsel have we heard today.

Balthazar. All day within the summer grot I've hid

In strong appeal unto the Nameless One,
 That He vouchsafe to send this Royal Babe.

Gaspar and Melchior. Great Buddha, grant our mas-
 ter's holy prayer!

[*Star appears to right.*]

Balthazar. [*Starting forward.*] Behold the Star! The
 Star of Heaven's King!

New-kindled—see! it burneth in the Ram.

Gaspar. And now it floateth downward, calling us.

Melchior. It moveth in soft splendor toward the west.

[*Hymn, "Venite Adoremus," sung by angels unseen.*]

Balthazar. List, list the heaven-descended music!
Come!

O holy Star, we come! Fold us within

Thy tender light till we adore our King.

Gaspar and Melchior. We come, we come, O holy
Star!

[*Exit Balthazar to right.*

Amlec. [*To Gaspar, holding him.*] I say

Thou'rt wild and brainless, youth; thou shalt not
go.

[*Gaspar struggles.*]

Kati. [*To Melchior, holding him back.*] Be ruled by
reason. Will ye leave your homes,

Your families and kingdoms for a dream?

Melchior. [*To Kati and Amlec.*] But hear ye not the
music?

Amlec. [*Releasing Gaspar.*] Idiot, no!

Kati. [*Releasing Melchior.*] Your fancy is diseased—
these sights and sounds

Built out of nothing.

[*Amlec and Kati retreat to left.*]

Gaspar. [*Standing to right.*] Amlec, Kati, heed!

Nor tread the word supernal in the dust.

Gaspar and Melchior. We come, we come, O holy
Star!

[*Exeunt to right.*

SCENE II.—*The Manger of Bethlehem.*
Star stationary above it. The Virgin Mother
with the Divine Infant in her arms. Angel
in background guarding them. St. Joseph
leads in the Three Kings, each bearing gifts.

Joseph. Behold the Infant Saviour whom you seek

With Mary Mother, the Elect of God—

Daughter of David and my Virgin Spouse!

Melchior. [*Looking upon the Angel.*] Behold the
Spirit clad in shining wings

Who came to me by night!

Balthazar. [*Startled.*] Soul of the world!

This is the Virgin Mother of my vision.

Gaspar. Low to the dust in worship bow our heads.

[*They prostrate—rise.*]

Balthazar. [*Kneeling offers incense.*] O royal Virgin,
who hath given birth

To Him, the Great Supreme, who made the
heavens,

His Star hath led us to thy presence. Deign

Our gifts unworthy to accept; our incense—

For Him we worship as the God of gods.

Melchior. [*Offering golden vase.*] Our gold, for He
is evermore our King.

Gaspar. [*Offering myrrh.*] Our myrrh, for His most
wondrous condescension

Hath made Him, like ourselves, a mortal man.

Mary. Your Saviour thanks you for your regal gifts.

Balthazar. And now, most pure and beauteous Lady,
hear

Our prayer and let us press unworthy lips

To His most sacred feet.

Mary. Yea, come; He smiles—

See! on His faithful ones, and bids them rest

From their long journey.

[*Soft harp music continued to the end; the Kings kneel*

successively and kiss the feet of the Babe; then form tableau.]

Mary. From His new-born Heart,

O noble followers of His call divine,

I see showers of celestial graces fall

Upon your spirits: faith heroic, hope,

Love, even to martyrdom for His blest Name,

My Child, my God, my Jesus—ye shall win;

And ye shall be of ages yet unborn

The glory, when triumphant ye shall reign

In His celestial kingdom evermore.

[Gloria in Excelsis sung by Angels who appear in the background.]

THE ANGELS' MEETING
or **TERRA MARIAE**

1 1 1

A BRIEF ALLEGORICAL SKETCH FOR PERFORMANCE ON
MARYLAND DAY,

March the Twenty-fifth.

ANGELS OF THE PLAY.

Angel of Indians.	Angel of Church.
Angel of Maryland.	Angel of Jesuits.
Angel of Ocean.	Angel Gabriel.

Angels are robed in white, with long flowing sleeves, skirt and sleeves trimmed with gold ; crowns are also of gold. Angel Gabriel's robes and crown are more splendid than those of the others, marking one of greater dignity: he is draped richly in gold. Angel of Indians is draped in red; Angel of Maryland in yellow or orange; Angel of Ocean in pale blue, and bears a triple wand; Angel of Church in white and gold; Angel of Jesuits in white, with scroll over breast, on which the letters "A. M. D. G." are inscribed in gold.

THE ANGELS' MEETING *or* TERRA MARIAE

SCENE.—*A beautiful forest glade. Enter
Angel of the Indians; gazes around and ad-
vances to front.*

Angel of the Indians. How tenderly I love this land of
beauty!

A leafy sanctuary, where the birds
And zephyrs chant their matins with the streams,
And mount looks down on violet-bordered vale,
While meadows teem with orient-tinted blooms
That Spring's full hand hath scattered fragrant-
eyed.

Alas! these heavenly skies and verdant glades
Tell naught of God to my poor forest children,
*Enter in background Angel of Maryland; listens with
interest and slowly advances.*

Wedded to Ignorance—to Vice enslaved.

[*Kneels.*]

Father of light! hear Thou my prayer and ope
The flood-gates of Thy grace and truth to them
For Mary's sake, the Mother of Thy Son!

[*Bows dejected.*]

Angel of Maryland. My brother, [*Touches gently the
shoulder of kneeling one.*] rise, be comforted;
for I

Have heard faint echoes from the seraph choir:—
 Ere yet the Moon her bright career hath waned,
 Truth, with calm-planted steps, shall walk our
 land;

Enter Angel of Ocean; advances slowly toward front.

Methinks I hear far o'er the ocean wave
 Three hundred voices praising Mary's name;
[*Listening.*]

And now they call to me for prayer and help
 As they had known me long in Paradise!
[*Hands raised.*]

Mary, our silver star of morn and eve,
 Guide them serenely o'er the watery tide;
 Chain thou the winds; and waft them with thy
 breath

Of sweetness safe unto our sylvan bays.

Angel of Ocean. [Extending wand.] The billows I
 have touched with this light wand;

And now two vessels ride majestic
 Beneath the friendly sun and solemn stars,
 Their white sails bent toward this bower of beauty.

Enter Angel of Church in background.

To you [*Bows to Angel of Maryland.*] they come
 in happy vassalage,

With all the blessings of that elder land
 That hath forgot them, thrust them from her
 breast.

Angel of Church. [Stepping to front.] Unknowing
 that she buildeth unto God
 Another empire; that her winding ways,

Her fiery tortures, send the upright soul
 With mighty yearnings to my portals vast.
 So came the saintly Calvert to my arms—
 Forsook the splendors, honors of a court,
 Welcomed opprobrium as sweet, for Him
 Whose Cross he longed to carry: to his heart
 Embraced his suffering brethren; and for them
 Unto this unknown wilderness of beauty
 Drew up a chart of heavenly promise; yet
 His mission ceased like Moses'; ere the hour

Enter Angel of Jesuits.

Of sweet fruition came on earth, his soul
 Was wafted by a train of seraphs hence
 To the bright port of immortality.

Angel of Ocean. The hero father in the sons fulfills
 His noble promise; yet in youthful bloom,
 Cecilius shrines his fortunes on the tide,
 To storms and restless winds and death's white
 feet,

Unfearing in his trust and reverence—

Gold links that bind his heart to Christ and Mary.

Angel of Jesuits. 'Tis Leonard leads them o'er the
 crystal wave;

And here he shall achieve George Calvert's hopes,
 Shall plant [*To Angel of Maryland.*] the seed of
 a great Tree of State,

Whose fruitage shall be borne from coast to coast.
 Undying loyalty [*To Angel of Church.*] to thee
 he shall bequeathe

Through that great Company whom I protect,
 Whose "Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam"

I wear, the motto, as ye know, of Heaven.
 There is [*To Angel of Maryland.*] a green isle
 near your Chesapeake,
 Where bush and blossom lifting their sweet heads,
 An Eden do create of loveliness
 For Him who cometh, near the equinox,
 To bless from His white altar throne your soil
 And root thy Cross [*Bows to Angel of Church.*]
 within that sylvan shrine.

Enter Angel Gabriel in background.

Angel of Maryland. Lo—Gabriel cometh! [*All bow
 profoundly.*] Herald of our Queen!

Angel of Church. Good tidings of great joy he ever
 beareth

From Mary, Queen of angels and of men.

Angel of Indians. Know'st thou, O Gabriel, no more
 shall languish

My dusky children in their ignorance?
 That messengers on dovelike wing haste hither
 To take the tomahawk from out their hands,
 And bring them peaceful arts and faith divine?

Angel Gabriel. Yea, Angel Brothers! seraphs, thrones,
 and saints

Are watching their frail vessels, Ark and Dove;
 For many a spirit dark hath hovered nigh,
 To shatter them or sink them to the deeps.
 But *Ave, Maris Stella!* she shall guide
 Them safe unto this earthly paradise.
 And, peopled wide, this ocean-girded land
 In far-off times shall hail from shore to shore,
 Mary Immaculate, her Patron Queen.

Angel of Maryland. And in my favored region they
shall bide,

These meek-eyed princes of a suffering race;
Their virtue, like sweet roses, hath been crushed,
And sweeter fragrance shall exhale to Heaven.
Their rule shall be of love, and teach the world
The liberty of God's beloved children.

Angel Gabriel. [*To Angel of Maryland.*] Thou favor-
ite of Mary, Queen of Heaven,

It is decreed thy land her name shall bear;
TERRA MARIAE it shall be, and she
Will guard it as the apple of her eye.
Upon her great Day, when the Eternal Word
Took flesh of her, in glory will descend
Our Queen with all her shining retinue
And take possession of this fair domain.
And rolling years her name shall glorify
When cities shall arise and call her blessed—
Their shining spires up-pointing to the skies,
Their altars gleaming with unnumbered lights;
And dedicate to God in cloisters fair
Virgins shall tread in her white steps, and chant
Daily with us her sweet *Magnificat*.

Angel Gabriel. [*Sings.*]

TERRA MARIAE.

Terra Mariae, O blessed land!
Favored of Heaven art thou;
Sunshine and dews enrich thy strand
From shore unto mountain's brow.

Harvest and orchard shall teem with gold;
For over thy waters blue
Cometh a race from a world grown old,
Freedom to plant in the new.
Terra Mariae, O sing her praise!
Mother and Son shall guard thy ways:
Christ shall reign o'er thy people's heart;
O Terra Mariae, His love thou art!

While Gabriel sings "Terra Mariae" the Angels are grouped with a graceful variety; their eyes are raised, upon their faces is a rapt expression, and their hands—at choice—are joined or crossed on the breast, or raised in supplication. The last four lines might be sung in chorus.

Curtain.

A GEORGETOWN REUNION AND WHAT CAME OF IT

1 1 1

A DRAMA IN TWO ACTS.

Performed in honor of His Excellency

THE MOST REVEREND JOHN BONZANO, D.D.

APOSTOLIC DELEGATE

October 17, 1913

Persons of the Play.

Angela Bressani, the hostess.

Gwendolyn Thompson.

Eleanor Newman.

Emily Calderon.

Stephanie le Brun.

Marie Wilton.

Alice Carroll.

Lily Hawthorne.

Ellen, a maid.

A GEORGETOWN REUNION AND WHAT CAME OF IT

ACT I. THE REUNION.

SCENE.—*A conservatory in the Bressani Home. Enter Angela Bressani, the hostess; she looks around with complacency, and begins to sing an Italian air; she touches a plant here and there. Enter maid, with bright-colored pillows, which she arranges on the wicker chairs, assisted by Angela. Exit maid.*

Angela. What a glorious day for our reunion! It is years since we all met together. That was in the dear Convent, so full of precious memories. [*Sings. Starts and listens. Two faces appear smiling at the right door, then one at the left; enter R. Stephanie and Marie; the latter puts her hands over Angela's eyes; Alice follows laughing.*]

Angela. Welcome, welcome, dear Marie, from far Saint Louis. And this funny old Detroitter, Stephanie le Brun. [*Patting her hand.*] And you, too, little Alice, whom I see every morning at Mass.

Stephanie. I am so glad to be back with you all. It is perfectly delightful here, Angela; I don't believe I care a pin about motoring into the country; I

just want to stay here. You haven't changed a bit, Angela; you are sweeter than ever.

Marie. You have been writing about the cares of a household and all that; but it hasn't taken the bloom off your cheeks.

Alice. O that's not all; she is a schoolmistress in addition, and winning local fame by her classical teaching of two dear little imps of mischief, her brothers, and by her exquisite training of her dainty little princess of a sister.

Angela. O Alice, Alice, where did you learn such wicked flattery? But now, girls, the all-important Constellation of the Pisces will soon appear, our Fishes, for we *must* draw them into the net of Peter before they leave the National Capital.

Alice. [*Clapping her hands.*] Eleanor and Gwendolyn!

Stephanie. Pray, Angela, how long since you turned missionary?

Angela. Never mind, Stephanie; you know you always were an interrogation point. We must lay our plans and get our bait ready.

Marie. Angela Bressani, you don't know what you're doing. Gwendolyn is a confirmed unbeliever; she openly professes it, a friend of mine told me, and she sneers at religion in general.

Alice. But think of all the prayers the Sisters have offered for her! Do you dream they are going to be lost, or that the Sacred Heart will not come to our aid if we make valiant efforts? I promised Sr. Louise Peronne—that I—

Stephanie. [*Laughing.*] O we all know the rest—that you would conquer Eleanor Newman, and bring her back, *coute que coute*. You'll find her a hard nut to crack, though.

Marie. As for Gwendolyn, I advise you not to touch on religion while she is here—not one of you; take my word for it she'll shock us all with her utterances.

Angela. [*Thoughtfully.*] No, we need not take the initiative; but if Gwendolyn opens fire, let us all be on our mettle and show her that we can defend the faith of our Baptism.

Stephanie. Right. Let us show her how flimsy her pretense to unbelief is and tear it to pieces.

Alice. Bravo, Stephanie! Let us smother her in the Gold and White of our Convent ideals. [*Waving a Convent flag.*]

Voices are heard outside. "O don't announce us!" "No, we'll run right in without ceremony." *Maid goes to one side. Enter Gwendolyn Thompson and Eleanor Newman. Alice runs to embrace Eleanor. Girls crowd around them with words of welcome and lead them to seats.*

Eleanor. Well, here we are back in dear old Washington again!

Gwendolyn. Still alive and wearing the names of our promising girlhood—not even an engagement ring. [*Holding up her hand.*]

Angela. What a delight to see you again, you dear old Vassar girl! You and Eleanor both cheated us

and the Convent of our rights, for you should have been graduated with us at Georgetown.

Gwendolyn. Vassar forever! It was certainly a great good fortune for me that father and mother differed on educational principles. [*Fanning herself daintily.*] You see, mother had a great affection for the Sisters of the Assumption, who had trained her for years, though, through it all, she stoutly maintained her Scotch admiration for John Knox and his Presbyterian teachings. But you all know that on my sixteenth birthday father recalled me from the Convent, and stood firm as a rock that I should have a purely secular education and choose my own religion.

Marie. [*Raising her eyes and hands.*] O Lord, deliver me from a choice among the thousand and one sects that have pitched their tents in our most hospitable country!

Stephanie. [*Hastily, with an anxious look at Marie.*] There were many sad hearts, dear Gwendolyn, when Dr. Thompson sent forth that inexorable edict to disturb the peace and break the unity of our dear old Third Senior Class. You didn't like to go, either, confess it.

Gwendolyn. No, indeed; I disgraced myself, went into hysterics several times, and kept father angry and writing prescriptions for me a month or two. But [*Laughing.*] I got over it. My viewpoint is different now, and I say with all my heart, Hail, Vassar!

Alice. [*In an aggrieved tone.*] I don't believe you say

it with *all* your heart, Gwendolyn Thompson. A dangerous illness would be a good *test* for your heart on that point.

Stephanie. [*Playfully.*] O Alice, I didn't think you could be so cruel!

Marie. But Wellesley came down on us with another blow like a sledgehammer, Eleanor, when your aunt came over from Paris. Who can forget that cold December morning when she took you out of the infirmary, and without waiting for your trunk to be packed, hurried you off to Newport with her?

Eleanor. [*Laughing.*] O Auntie is a Christian Scientist, and mother told her I sang in the High Mass at the Convent, and said the Rosary, and—wanted to be a Catholic; so in a blaze of excitement she flew across the ocean in the first steamer, and with her stormy eloquence overpowered mother and had her way with me; so off I was trotted to Wellesley for four years.

Angela. Little Alice here was absolutely inconsolable over your departure. She did not eat or sleep for three days. She would go into the Chapel and kneel there and sob out loud, to our great discomfort, for we had hearts, too; and as for the dormitory, everyone wanted to go to her alcove to help wipe away her tears, poor little dear!

Stephanie. O, indeed! Sr. Louise Peronne wanted the office of consoler all to herself, and [*Smiling.*] Alice was not averse to it.

Alice. Well, Eleanor knows [*Caressing her hand.*] that my love has followed her, and my prayers, too,

though she has seldom reminded me of her existence. I offer the Holy Communion every Sunday and Thursday for her return to her old love and her Convent sentiments. There now!

Eleanor. What a dear child you are! [*Caresses her; Gwendolyn shrugs her shoulders and looks around superciliously.*] I shouldn't wonder if you sent the angels to protect us in the violent storm last May when we were all saved so miraculously in that fearful wreck.

Marie. [*Starting up.*] O Eleanor dear, were you on the Imperial when she struck the iceberg and went down?

Eleanor. I certainly was; an awful experience never to be forgotten. I prayed then as never before in my short life even in the Georgetown Chapel. And dear little Alice was guarding me, too, in those terrible moments. [*Alice lays her head on Eleanor's shoulder in silent emotion.*]

Voices outside. "Better late than never." *Enter Emily Calderon and Lily Hawthorne.* The girls surround them and welcome them cordially; murmurs of delight are mingled with happy laughter.

Emily. [*Throwing herself on a bench.*] Dear girls, get me some smelling salts and iced lemonade this minute. I shall certainly faint with joy at the sight of you all together again.

Ellen, the maid, peeps in and hastens with bottle and tumbler of lemonade. All laugh, and Angela fans Emily.

Lily. [*Playfully.*] Really, girls, I was ashamed of

Emily Calderon's conduct at her cousin's wedding this morning. She pulled out that pearl watch of hers at least six times during the function; and she wouldn't even wait for the ceremony of the rice-throwing, much less of the ancient footwear after the carriage; but kissed the bride good-by and then pulled me out of the back entrance; so here we are!

Emily. We reversed the old song and made it, "Come haste *from* the wedding!" But how glad I am to see every one of you! Time seems to have set back the clock to the very day we parted, for you haven't grown a minute older, one of you.

Stephanie. [*Making a profound courtesy.*] We owe you a grand *salam* for such a universal compliment, which allow me to return to yourselves with compound interest.

Lily. [*To Gwendolyn.*] You have grown positively fascinating, Gwendolyn; I should hardly have recognized you. An acquaintance of ours, Lawyer Stone, thought you were stunning—that's his expression, not mine—the night you were at Professor Warpsoul's lecture on "Religion, a Myth."

Marie. O Gwendolyn, you didn't go to hear that notorious infidel! What a peril for your soul!

Gwendolyn. Why, he's a marvel of eloquence! I never saw anyone so upright and earnest. *He* opens your eyes, I tell you, to the superstitions of the race.

Eleanor. [*Jumping up in indignation.*] Gwendolyn Thompson, I am ashamed of you.

Gwendolyn. [*Defiantly.*] You needn't be. Theism is quite enough for me, [*All look shocked.*] or the Unknowable, [*Loftily.*] as a very learned professor, my friend, puts it. He simply discards the philosophy, the dogma, of the Roman Church, which he calls sophistry.

Angela. [*Laughing.*] Poor man! That's Professor Greenbottle, isn't it? I've heard about him. I guess he never studied Aristotle or Plato, much less St. Thomas Aquinas, the Angelic Doctor, or any other of the catalogue of our great Doctors and saints. Hence he must be [*Sarcastically.*] a most reliable authority on philosophy and dogma.

Lily. Professor Greenbottle a philosopher? He's a dolt. He never was trained in logic. Look at the superb training and equipment of a Jesuit in philosophy. Greenbottle reminds me of Hamlet's estimate of that old Italian they raised a statue to not long ago: "Words, words, words!" He puts together a lot of high-sounding words and then thinks himself competent to sneer at Christianity. He tries his best, and your lady-professors, too, Gwendolyn—shame on them! to pluck the blessed message of Christ out of the hearts of their innocent and trusting pupils.

Emily. [*With a drawl.*] They'll all be April-fooled some day. [*Sips lemonade.*]

Alice. They mock at the Church and criticise her because they don't know her; they know nothing of the beautiful mysteries of our faith.

Gwendolyn. [*Triumphantly.*] That's just it; we don't want mysteries.

Emily. [*Impetuously.*] Then you don't want God at all, Gwendolyn; where's your logic? If you had lived in the era of the French Revolution, you would have worshipped the goddess of Reason.

Gwendolyn. You talk nonsense, Emily. Why, the Bible itself is—

Eleanor. [*Interrupting sternly.*] Gwendolyn, this is no conversation for Alice to listen to. It is so long since she and I exchanged confidences that I think [*Rising.*] we will walk down by the magnolias; I see the fountain sparkling in the sunshine. Come, Alice.

Alice. [*Aside.*] Eleanor, Gwendolyn can't hurt me with her little pea-shooter. [*Aloud.*] Don't let us go yet, please.

Marie. No, wait for the fall of the curtain on this little drama.

Angela. You might be needed as a court of appeal.

Alice. That's very true, Angela. [*Laughing and drawing Eleanor to seat.*]

Emily. Not a bit of it; Alice just wants to see the bubble burst.

Gwendolyn. [*Loftily.*] Yours is the logic of sarcasm, Emily; it doesn't frighten me. You *know* Christianity is open to criticism.

Alice. [*Earnestly.*] Turn the searchlight of your criticism upon the sects that sprang up like mushrooms after Luther and Calvin and Henry VIII had

tried to tear asunder the fair and hallowed—and true Church of Christ.

Gwendolyn. [*Triumphantly.*] That's just what I have done. I've weighed them in the balance and found them wanting, just as our professors at dear old Vassar told us: and I only want to live a good life, and radiate sweetness and light around me. [*Fans herself complacently.*]

Emily. [*With playful scorn.*] Radiate powder and perfume! [*Applies her smelling-salts vigorously.*]

Lily. The Catholic Church is the *infallible* teacher, Gwen. She forbids her children to look for truth in a broken mirror.

Stephanie. Your worshippers of altruism, of *sweetness and light*, are altogether behind the times. The Church has been a ministering angel to all the wants and sorrows of the race ever since Christ gave her to us on Calvary.

Angela. Yes, St. Augustine tells us that the Church came forth from the opening of His Sacred Heart. And she is still living, and as young and strong and beautiful as ever, Gwendolyn.

Gwendolyn. [*Weakly.*] That's all very pretty poetry; but if you knew the terrible history of your Church, pardon me if I grieve you, as our eminent professor and writer of history taught it to us at Vassar, you would—

Eleanor. [*Interrupting impatiently.*] O Gwen, we heard the same stories at Wellesley, and the same lectures on *sweetness and light*, without a word of the supernatural, making little goddesses of us all;

but I used to go into Boston and hunt up the Catholic side in the Public Library.

Alice. [*Pressing her hand.*] You're a darling, Eleanor; you always were sincere. And, Gwendolyn, who radiates sweetness and light if not Christ, who said, "I am the Light of the world"?

Eleanor. [*Earnestly.*] That is a true and beautiful thought, Alice.

Gwendolyn. Eleanor dear, what's coming over the spirit of your dream?

Eleanor. [*With grave emphasis.*] Well, girls, to tell the truth, when I see crowds of beautiful, cultured young girls all around me—and it is the same with the boys—drinking in unbelief day after day just as they would a glass of champagne, my heart grows sick, and I know, I *know* I must have a religion, and the true one founded on a *Rock*, founded on *Christ*.

Gwendolyn. [*Excitedly.*] But, Eleanor, remember the Popes and Galileo and the Inquisition. Why, the Roman Church and the Popes have always suppressed learning and science.

Eleanor. That isn't true, Gwendolyn; she was educating her people and influencing and teaching great nations hundreds of years before the Reformation.

Stephanie. Look at the great universities she initiated and endowed—temples of science and all the learning of the day.

Emily. [*Drawling.*] Never *can* forget the Trivium and Quadrivium of Dante!

Marie. All the Popes were munificent in the cause of education. Centuries before Luther revolted in 1517, the universities of Paris, Padua and more than a score of others were flourishing; that of Pisa has been called the cradle of modern science.

Angela. Think of the Renaissance! That great movement to restore classical learning ought to interest you, Latin and Greek scholars. It rose in Italy under the aegis of Popes eminent for learning. Nicholas V was a prodigy of culture, and so was Aeneas Sylvius, afterwards Pius II.

Emily. And you surely know what the Medici family did!

Lily. There never was a more splendid patron of artists and scholars than Lorenzo de Medici. And Pope Leo X, his son, was so illustrious a patron of art and letters that posterity has honored him by giving his name to an age—the Age of Leo X.

Gwendolyn. Yes, that was the age of Raphael and Michael Angelo. But O the Sistine Madonna! It is the event of my life to have seen it. In that moment I thought it was no wonder Catholics prayed to the Virgin.

Marie. We all know that when genius enters with reverence into the supernatural, art becomes supreme.

Angela. The Church recovered the lost art of the Greeks and pressed it into her own service. Just run down the names of those two hundred and sixty-four Popes that have reigned in unbroken succession since the days of Peter, the days of Christ, and see what torches of enlightenment they

have been through all the centuries. And some names shine out like suns.

Alice. Their palace, the Vatican, is the magnet of the world. Every Pope has added to its treasures of art and belles-lettres: the great and glorious past of the world's genius lives and revels there.

Eleanor. I remember hearing papa tell how the whole learned world was stirred when the great Leo XIII opened all the Vatican archives to historical writers and scholars, who went flocking there from all nations to make researches, unearthing manuscripts hundreds of years old.

Emily. And our saintly Pius X is pursuing the same luminous course as his predecessors, stimulating the hierarchy and the religious orders to still greater zeal in the cause of education—and don't let us forget the Jesuits and the Visitation—while his great mind is carrying on stupendous projects for the welfare of the Church everywhere.

Stephanie. In all ages Rome, the Pontifical Palace, has been the favored resort of the scholarship of the world.

Eleanor. Rome is truly the city of the soul—the soul of the Church. “Two thousand years—”

Gwendolyn. [*Rising and interrupting.*] “Of triumph and of tears!” O how well I remember the Commencement day that Marguerite recited it! How happy and light-hearted I was!—I—*was!* [*Pauses sadly.*]

Angela. [*Standing, begins to recite.*]

“Two thousand years!

A wondrous history of hopes and fears!" [*Stops.*]
The girls exclaim, "O go on, Angela!"—"Recite more of it!" Angela continues the poem. Gwendolyn listens pleased, but becomes more and more moved as the lines proceed. Toward the close, in deep agitation, she goes slowly toward the left, then pauses and looks upon the speaker, her countenance full of emotion.

Angela. "Two thousand years
 Of triumph and of tears!
 A glorious epic of creative hand,
 Its scenes, its actors are in every land;
 Apostles, martyrs, crimsoned o'er,
 And emperors impassioned bore
 Her sign and conquered; and the nations proud,
 Mighty in arms and art and genius bowed
 Beneath her ruby sceptre, wrought of love.
 Tho' kingly robbers tear her rights away
 Serene in majesty she waits her day:
 She weeps, as zephyrs bear her children's moans,
 When lo! her foot is on the conqueror's bones.
 Leo, discrowned, a prisoner dies,
 While tears are falling from unnumbered eyes,
 Till o'er the jubilant wires is flashed again
 A name that doth the world's allegiance hold,
 Pius, the tenth of all the stately line
 That strong defenders, saints and martyrs shine!
 States fall—arts fade—the Church grows never old.
 Her temporal power broken—her array
 Of monarch Popes a pageant of the past,
 Yet sigh not for her vanished sway,

Her glories shall forever last.
Can man her proud historic deeds forget?
The bards that grew beneath her wing
That shall adown the ages fling
Their wondrous music? And while eyes shall yet
Love beauty, shall the heavenly canvas speak
Her pure ideals unto hearts that seek.
Fair spires shall point on high
From shrines of wonder planned above the sky
By angels linked with heavenly men.
"But O her spiritual world unseen—
Kingdom of souls, that stretches far
Beyond the farthest, unknown star
Its treble vassalage—that hath a spell
Resistless 'gainst the fallen hosts of hell—
When earth shall crumble and the stars shall fall,
When Nature to her heart is riven—
This shall abide, she still be Queen o'er all:
Her true name, Church Triumphant, lives in
Heaven!"

The girls applaud. Gwendolyn goes toward the front.

Gwendolyn. O girls, what memories are stirred! It seems as if I had run right up against a stone wall.

Emily. Just what you have done, Gwen; so turn about and take the homeward path; and step into it right away.

Gwendolyn. [*Sadly.*] You think your minds have all expanded and blossomed and mine has been blighted. Well, so be it; I didn't put myself into the atmosphere, intellectual and moral, that has caused it. I don't go to church any more [*Half*

sobbing.] even on Sundays. [*Sets herself. Girls look at each other in surprise.*]

Emily. Ahem! that's rather a paganish state of affairs, isn't it, Gwen?—a free and easy way of giving over your immortal soul to the "Gentleman in Black"? [*Applies smelling salts.*]

Gwendolyn. It hasn't been so free and easy. Conscience is a cruel mistress, and I have tried to silence her—see how frank I am! But now a whole flood of memories comes back—music, melodies of the past are ringing through my soul, and [*Distressed.*] what does it all mean?

Angela. [*Caressing her.*] It means, dearest Gwendolyn, that your heart is the same old heart that it was in Georgetown, and that you cannot put Christ, our Blessed Saviour, out of your life; if you do, all the beauty, all the meaning of life, is gone, and with it hope and happiness, leaving you only the dregs of misery.

Eleanor. [*Approaching her and kneeling by her side.*] Gwendolyn, dear, I feel for you. I know what you are suffering; believe me, it's Catholicity or nothing, for both you and me.

Gwendolyn. I don't believe I ever shall be happy again; I feel the darkness of my soul and am perfectly miserable. I shall never be at peace.

Emily. O yes, you will, Gwen; obey *my* prescription; [*Smelling salts.*] take time by the forelock; cross the Rubicon.

Gwendolyn covers her face with her hands, struggling

with emotion; a solemn pause, while all look anxious and Alice fingers her Rosary.

Gwendolyn. [Rising and coming forward.] Girls, [Voice firm and decided.] it's all over with me; I say with Eleanor, it's Catholicity or nothing. [Smothered expressions of joy are heard. "O Gwendolyn!"—"You dear brave girl!"] I'll take the step, and soon, with God's help! But what shall I do, Angela?

Lily. Gwendolyn, give up your trip to Florida for the present, and stay with me for a month and be instructed.

Angela. Lily dear, don't aspire to be sole proprietor of "Our Mutual Friend." I speak for a fortnight at least. And, Gwendolyn, you shall come to Catechism with my small class of three, and be a child again.

Eleanor. Don't think you're going to leave me out in the cold, Angela; I'll take a back seat in your primer class, too; and Gwen and I will enter the True Fold together.

Alice. But you are to be my guest, Eleanor, as long as you stay in Washington. You may have an hour a day off with Angela, but I'll be there.

Eleanor. [Taking both of Alice's hands in her own.] It will be a greater happiness than I can express to be with you, dear, and to be your docile pupil in the new and beautiful path that God has opened for me to His Holy Church.

Gwendolyn. [Tremblingly.] But O how awful to have to go to confession!

Emily. [*Laughing.*] Yes, after your heathenish life!

Lily. Don't fret about that, Gwen; you know we live very near His Excellency, the Apostolic Delegate, and sometimes go to Mass in his private chapel; so I am going to introduce you to him as a soul snatched from the burning, and Eleanor shall come, too. He is charming and gentle, just like St. Francis de Sales, our Saint of Georgetown, in spite of the great sceptre of authority our sainted Pope Pius X has placed in his hand.

Alice. O to hear him say Mass always gives me spiritual consolation! I have met him twice, and I prophesy that he will be the most beloved and the most popular of our nuncios.

Gwendolyn. Who is the Apostolic Delegate? What office does he hold?

Stephanie. He is a very eminent Archbishop, the Delegate of Pope Pius X from Rome to our United States. His mission places him above all the hierarchy.

Marie. That is, above all the priests, religious, bishops and archbishops—above all as a court of appeal.

Gwendolyn. What a graceful order of authority there is in your Church! It fascinated me in Rome, where I attended several ecclesiastical functions—one in Saint Peter's—with a Catholic friend. I do not feel ashamed now to confess to you that when I saw your Pope—

Emily. Ah, Gwen, you looked upon a saint. How I envy you!

Gwendolyn. Yes, Emily, in that moment something divine came over my soul.

Angela. And now it is bearing fruit, Gwendolyn. You will have all the more reverence for his Delegate. When you know him you will feel his personal magnetism as well as the rest of us.

Eleanor. I don't see how he ever could have left his beautiful, enchanting Italy to come to our cold country.

Lily. Ah, but he will find warm and generous hearts here, overflowing with love and loyalty.

Emily. [*Holding up Lily's hand.*] Behold — a discovery!

Stephanie. An engagement ring, I declare!

Alice. What a perfect beauty—six diamonds and a pearl!

Eleanor. And you've done this all unknown to us! O what a treachery to your best friends to keep so delightful a secret from them!

Lily. [*Laughing.*] It is a secret yet. [*All laugh.*] Now mind!

Gwendolyn. A secret known to seven females! Why, it will be sent abroad by the International Press Association before night.

Stephanie. I see, Gwendolyn, your tongue is still armed with its arrows of fun.

Angela. Dare to make such another accusation against your sex, Gwen, and we'll have you imprisoned.

Gwendolyn. Where? [*Laughing.*] In all your arms!

Marie. You know you're guilty, Gwen, for one; you never could keep a secret.

Lily. Now for another secret—two of them.

Several voices. "O hush—hush! Listen."

Lily. The engagement is going to be announced on Monday evening, and I want every one of you to be present.

Emily. Glorious tidings!

Angela. We shall be there!

Stephanie. An hour before the time!

Lily. And then [*Hesitating and looking down.*] we are to be married six weeks from today in St. Aloysius' Church with a lovely Nuptial Mass.

Gwendolyn. [*Shrugging her shoulders.*] Before day-break! What nonsense to spoil that most romantic ceremony of life with so much religion!

Eleanor. So I say—though, perhaps, I am wrong.

Stephanie. "A double blessing is a double grace," says Hamlet. But that wonderful nuptial benediction is a hundred heavenly blessings in one. I wouldn't miss it for all the world. I'd rather go and be a nun. [*Laughter.*]

Alice. [*Earnestly.*] Just think of it! Kneeling in the sanctuary, with the priest above you in the holy vestments, his hands outstretched and pronouncing over you one of the most inspired prayers in the Missal! I hope every one of us will be married that way—that is, if—

Marie. I think it would be a great deal nicer to have a Bishop.

Emily. Or—an Archbishop.

Lily. Well—now you're vowed to secrecy, mind!
Here's the third. We are to be honored by more
than a Bishop or an Archbishop. His Excellency,
the Apostolic Delegate, is going to tie the knot
for us.

All. [*Clapping.*] Splendid! glorious!

Stephanie. O how I envy you, Lily!

Angela. I wish you all joy!

Enter Ellen, the maid.

Ellen. The motor is at the door, Miss Angela.

Angela. [*Rising.*] See that all the wraps are in place,
Ellen, and tell James to stow away the luncheon.
Au revoir, ladies.

Alice. [*In center, clasping Eleanor's hand in Gwendolyn's.*] Who would have dreamed that this beautiful day would open with such happiness!

Gwendolyn. Ah, girls, but a month from today!

Eleanor. We shall then be not only your friends, but
your sisters in the one true faith of Christ.

Tableau (or Exeunt Omnes).

ACT II. WHAT CAME OF IT.

SCENE.—*The Same.*

Enter Angela, Stephanie and Marie.

Angela. The Feast of our Lady of the Rosary and of
the Guardian Angels: what a day for the grand
ceremony!

Stephanie. And in the dear old Convent Chapel of the
Sacred Heart, with all the Sisters praying for
them! How auspicious!

Marie. This month has been a month of wonders. Such a change has come over Gwendolyn—it's almost incredible. To see her happy, peaceful face this morning almost made me weep.

Angela. It is the change of the right hand of the Most High, and in Eleanor, too. Let us learn a lesson never to despair, and never to be cowards when we see souls so beautiful going into wrong paths.

Enter Lily and Emily, Gwendolyn between them, gowned in white, veiled, and wearing crown of lilies of the valley.

Lily. Here we have brought you the sweet neophyte, all dressed for the sacrifice!

Emily. The lion turned into the lamb.

Stephanie. You have our warmest congratulations, Gwendolyn.

Marie. And our fervent prayers.

Angela. O Gwendolyn, what a crown of love and sacrifice you offer our Lady of the Rosary, the Mother of beautiful love! O happy day for you!

Gwendolyn. Yes, it is the happiest day of my life. What a debt I owe to you and the good Sisters, who have strengthened and encouraged me by their prayers as well as their holy instructions!

Enter Alice, with Eleanor in white, veiled and crowned.

Alice. [*With dramatic gesture.*] Behold the dear child of Mary! She will soon say to you, Eleanor, and to Gwendolyn, too, Thou art all fair and there is not a spot in thee.

Marie. [*Taking Eleanor's hand.*] See, Eleanor, we can hardly speak for emotion, for overwhelming joy.

Emily. And pride, too, in our new champions. Two valiant women to add to the long and illustrious line [*Bowing and touching her breast.*—including ourselves—of Catholic womanhood.

Stephanie. What a harvest of graces you will reap to-day!

Eleanor. And to think that God made you the instruments of this great work in our souls! This month has flown on wings of joy, has it not, Gwendolyn?

Gwendolyn. It has, indeed; and every day has opened up new truths and beauties in the faith. I can't help saying with St. Augustine: "Too late have I known thee, too late have I loved thee, O Church ancient and ever new!"

Angela. And, girls, just consider their splendid generosity and courage. Neither of them has ever been baptized, yet they insisted on making a general confession of their whole lives to His Excellency, the Apostolic Delegate.

Eleanor. He has set my heart right forevermore. His heavenly counsel has sent a flood of sunlight down my whole future path in life.

Gwendolyn. But I needed a Father more than you; one as kind and tender and great-hearted as the father of the Prodigal Son, and I found one in him. And is it not glorious that today, just fresh from Baptism, we shall receive our First Communion?

Alice. [*With enthusiasm.*] Under the mantle of Mary, and all the angels soaring about you and casting down graces like roses into your souls!

Eleanor. It makes me feel so near to the sainted Pius, who works so many miracles, that the holy hand of his Delegate is to pour upon us the sacred waters of Baptism, and then to feed us for the first time with the Body and Blood of our God and Saviour.

Gwendolyn. And he has told us how to preserve our new baptismal innocence and carry it unstained before the throne of God;—and we are going to obey him, Eleanor, [*Taking her hand.*] are we not?

Eleanor. Yes, by receiving Jesus Christ, the Living Bread of Heaven, in the Holy Eucharist every day of our lives.

Angela. [*Looking off.*] Ah, see! here comes His Excellency.⁴ He recognizes us and smiles. Now we must conduct you to him to obtain his paternal blessing. [*They go off stage, Angela leading Gwendolyn, and Alice, Eleanor, to the Delegate's throne, the others following.*] Behold, Your Excellency, our latest neophytes, who seek your benediction. [*All courtesy profoundly and then kneel for the blessing.*]

"PAX SUPER ISRAEL." Page 20.

The honored Founder of the First American Convent of the Visitation, in Georgetown, D. C., was the Right Rev. Leonard Neale (1746-1817), who, in 1799, the year of foundation, was Bishop Coadjutor of Archbishop Carroll of Baltimore. When a missionary in Demerara, British Guiana, in 1782, he had beheld in vision a long procession of virgins, clad in religious garb and led by a lady of peculiar dignity. Standing near him, in pontifical robes, was St. Francis de Sales, who, pointing to them, said: "*Thou shalt build a House of this my Order.*" Then he beheld an angel who from a fountain pumped streams of crystalline pureness, chanting ever and anon, "*Pax super Israel!*" (Peace upon Israel! Ps. cxxiv. 5). Father Neale sailed from Demerara in January, 1783; and after a perilous voyage, during which he was captured by English cruisers, reached Maryland in April. The proclamation of *Peace* was issued by Washington on the 19th of that month. For history of the Convent see "A Story of Courage," George Parsons Lathrop and Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

"THE MITRED SAINTS." Page 57.

The See of Baltimore was created by Pius VI., in 1789, with Right Rev. John Carroll as the first Bishop, his diocese embracing the whole United States. In 1808 the diocese was divided, and Baltimore was raised to the rank of a Metropolitan See. Archbishop Carroll died in 1815, and was succeeded by his coadjutor, Most Rev. Leonard Neale, Founder of the Convent, who yielded to age and infirmities on June 18, 1817. His remains were placed in the crypt of the Convent Chapel. His successors in the See were: Most Rev. Ambrose Marechal, d. 1828; Most Rev. James Whitfield, d. 1834; Most Rev. Samuel Eccleston, d. 1851; Most Rev. Francis P. Kenrick, d. 1863; Most Rev. Martin J. Spalding, d. 1872; Most Rev. James R. Bayley, d. 1877; His Eminence James Cardinal Gibbons, b. 1834, ordained priest, 1861; consecrated Bishop, 1868; made Archbishop of Baltimore, 1877; created Cardinal, 1886; and celebrated the Golden Jubilee of his ordination, with the Silver Jubilee of his elevation to the Sacred College of Cardinals, June 30, 1911. His Eminence presided over the solemnities of the Centenary of Georgetown Convent, May 29, 30, 31, 1899.

"THAT ARMY OF THE LORD." Page 57.

The Society of Jesus, founded in 1540 by Saint Ignatius Loyola, who gave his disciples the motto *Ad maiorem Dei gloriam* (To the greater glory of God). Most Rev. Leonard Neale made his vows in the Society when quite young. During the years of its suppression (1773-1814) he was made Bishop, then Archbishop. The Fathers of Georgetown University have always ministered to the spiritual needs of the Convent.

"HERE COMES HIS EXCELLENCY." Page 254.

This drama was performed in the recreation hall without curtain. Probability was waived for a moment, and the youthful performers passed reverently from the scene to the throne of His Excellency, who welcomed them with smiles and gracious words of blessing.



es the Three Act H:
2 111

OK am

